THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD.

VOL. XVI., NO. 4889 PORTSMOUTH, N. H. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1900, PRICE 2 CENTS

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Henry Peyser & Son's

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Suits,
Trousers,
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FOR THIS SEASON

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SHOT GUNS, RIFLES.

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Cartridges For All Makes of Guns.

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2 MARKET SQUARE.

TAKE NOTICE.

Now is the time to buy HARNESSES; we have a few at low prices. They will be higher.

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Music Lessons

Violin, Cornet, Mandolin and Banjo. Special Pains taken with Beginners.

R. L. Reinewald, - - Bandmaster United States Naval Band.

MUSIC FOR ALL OCCASIONS.

6 COURT STREET, - - - PORTSMOUTH, N. H

HERALD ADS GIVE BEST RESULTS

Try One And Be Convinced.

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NO DUST NO NOISE

111 Market St. Telephone 2-4.

CEMETERY LOTS CARED FOR

AND TURFING DONE.

WITH increased facilities the subscriber is again prepared to take charge and keep in order such lots in any of the cemeteries of the city as may be intrusted to his care. He will also give careful attention to the turfing and grading of them, also to the cleaning of monuments and headstones, and the removal of bodies. In addition to work at the cemeteries he will do turfing and grading in the city at short notice.

Cemetery lots for sale, also Loam and Turf. Orders left at his residence, corner of Richards avenue and South street, or by mail, or left with Oliver W. Ham (successor to S. S. Fletcher) Market street, will receive prompt attention.

M. J. GRIFFIN

JOINT MEMORIAL.

Chinese Viceroys Send One To The Empress.

Threaten To Resign Unless Court Returns To Pekin.

Li Hung Chang Advises The Rulers To Come Out Of The Woods.

SHANGHAI, Oct. 8.—The Chinese assert that the governor of Shantung and the Yang-tse viceroys have sent a joint memorial to the empress, declaring that they are unable to guarantee the sending of money and provisions to Singan-Fu, (where the imperial court now is,) and threatening to resign unless the court returns to Pekin. It is believed that the emperor is anxious to return to Pekin, and that the empress dowager wavered until she heard of the allied expedition against Pao-Ting Fu. Li Hung Chang's secretary reports that foreign troops, supposed to be British, have already arrived at Pao Ting-Fu. It is said that Li advises the return of the court to Pekin, on the ground that the powers can stop the sending of supplies into Shan Si province.

Waldersee's Demands

NEW YORK, Oct. 9.—Natives report that Field Marshal Von Waldersee has peremptorily demanded of Prince Ching and Li Hung Chang that Prince Tuan and other Boxer leaders be handed over to him for punishment before he begins to negotiate, says a despatch from Shanghai to the Journal and Advertiser. Serious friction is reported between the British and Russian troops at Shan Hai Kwan, after the capture of the forts. The Japanese consider the withdrawal of the Chinese court into the interior diminishes confidence in the good faith of the Government; hence Japan will not reduce the number of her troops in China.

Waiting For The Germans.

PEKIN, Oct. 4.—The Pao-Ting-Fu expedition is waiting here for the Germans, who are not ready to start. It is reported that 12,000 Chinese imperial troops are at Pao-Ting-Fu. General Chaffee has returned here.

I. O. O. F. ENCAMPMENT.

CONCORD, N. H., Oct. 9.—The annual grand convention of all the Odd Fellow bodies in the state opened here today. The grand encampment elected the following officers:

Grand Patriarch, August Huron of Littleton;

Grand High Priest, Charles E. Palmer of Concord;

Grand Senior Warden, W. P. Lane of Dover;

Grand Secretary, Joseph Kidder of Manchester;

Grand Treasurer, W. J. Fernald of Concord;

Grand Representative, A. L. Page of Pittsfield.

REQUISITION PAPERS SERVED.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 9.—Requisition papers were served today by Gov. Sayers of Texas on Gov. Roosevelt of New York, for the extradition of John D. Rockefeller, Henry M. Flagler and other Standard Oil officials, for alleged violation of the Texas anti-trust laws Gov. Roosevelt said that he could not act, as his absence from the state of New York made him only part governor. He promised, however, that he would look into the case upon his return to New York.

BOERS DISPERSED

LONDON, Oct, 2 A. M.—The Times has the following despatch from Prederport, Orange River Colony: "The British column had a three days' engagement, from Oct. 5th to the 7th, inclusive, with General De Wet's force of 1000 men with five guns. The Boers were dislodged and dispersed thoroughly demoralized. The British casualties were slight."

DUE TO THE GREAT GALE.

ST. JOHN'S, Oct. 9.—A despatch from St. Pierre says that seventeen vessels that were out in the great gale of Sept. 12th are still missing, with crews aggregating 200 men. Other vessels that have come in report from one to seven men of their crews lost. The total loss of life due to the gale will probably exceed 300. Many Newfoundland fishing harbors have suffered severely from the storm. Burin, on the west coast of Placentia bay, alone mourns the loss of thirty-five men.

NOT SO HOPEFUL

WILKESBARRE, PENN, Oct. 9.—The leaders of the United Mine Workers' union are not so hopeful regarding an early settlement of the strike as they were yesterday. Some of those interested are afraid that the offer of a ten per cent increase in wages will not last long, and that after the men have been back at work a little while and the market has been pretty well supplied, the operatives may reduce the wages to the old figures.

THE BRITISH ELECTION.

LONDON, Oct. 10, 3:00 A. M.—The returns at midnight show that the government gained two seats by yesterday's polling, in the parliamentary election. So far, 522 members have been officially declared elected. Of these 337 are ministerialists and 185 belong to the opposition. The ministerialists gain five more seats than the other party.

ADMIRAL HICHBORN'S DIPLOMAS

WASHINGTON, Oct. 9.—Admiral Philip Hichborn, chief constructor of the United States navy, has been awarded a diploma and a gold medal for the Franklin life buoy, the Hichborn turret and models of war vessels, at the Paris exposition. Admiral Hichborn now has a valuable and interesting collection of diplomas from national and international exhibitions.

BASE BALL.

The following is the result of the games played in the National league yesterday:

St. Louis 8, Pittsburg 4; at St. Louis.

The Philadelphia-Brooklyn and New York-Boston games were prevented by rain.

RE-ENTERS POLITICS.

CAPE TOWN, Oct. 9.—Cecil Rhodes re-entered politics today, when he presided over a congressional session of the South African league.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 9.—Forecast for New England: Partly cloudy Wednesday, except on the coast; Thursday fair, with fresh to brisk northeast winds.

OPENS HERE TODAY.

The Sawtelle dramatic company in a repertoire of strong and popular plays opens for four nights and four matinees, commencing Wednesday, Oct. 10th, at Music hall, and the opening performance will be The Victorian Cross. This piece is a new one to this city, and it was first presented at the Fourteenth Street theatre, New York, last season, at high prices. Mr. Sawtelle is the only manager who has the right to present it at popular prices, and he gives it a fine presentation. The full repertoire for the afternoon and evening performances will be found in another column. Mr. Sawtelle is an old favorite in this city, and his company this season is said to be fully up to the average of the best repertoire companies traveling.

HIGH SCHOOL MATTERS.

At a meeting of the Portsmouth High School Athletic association on Tuesday noon after the session of the day was over, the following were elected permanent officers: President, William M. Griffin, 1901; Vice President, J. Arthur Farrington, 1903; Secretary, Lulu B. Randall. 1901; Treasurer, Frank Newick, 1903.

The new rule of marching out at recess and dismissal is not a new rule at all, but simply an old time rule, revived. Principal Knapp has ordered this revival to avert the danger of some one being injured on the stairs during the indiscriminate rush for the open air at the announcement of recess or the close of school.

MUNICIPAL.

A special meeting of the city government was called at 4:30 on Tuesday afternoon.

The board was called to order by Mayor McIntire, all being present except Ald. Rand and Wells of ward two.

The mayor stated that the meeting was for the purpose of confirming the different ward caucus nominations of inspectors of elections The clerk read the names as elected by the different parties and on motion of Ald. Phinney they were approved. The list is as follows:

Ward one—Thomas G. Lester, Robert M. Herrick, rep; Ira C. Seymour, Eugene J. Sullivan, dem.

Ward two Edmund M. Brown, Edward W. Gray, rep.; Thomas J. Donovan, Edward Kelly, Jr., dem.

Ward three—Charles C. Charlsen, Ceylon Spinney, rep.; William Cogan, Thomas R McDermott, dem.

Ward four—Charles W. Humphreys, John E. Riner, rep.; Willis F. Pinder, dem.

Ward five—Bernard Linchey, Austin F. Trefethen, rep.; Daniel J. Lynch, Daniel Barrett, dem.

Soon after Ald. Wells of ward five retired and Ald. Wells of ward two came in.

The mayor then stated that as the regular meeting was called for Thursday evening, and very little business appearing, he suggested that someone make a motion to proceed with new business.

Ald. Phinney moved that the board proceed to business.

Ordway R. Hall and several others petitioned for a sewer on New Castle avenue. Quite a discussion was carried on in regard to it by all of the members of the board. It was finally referred to the committee on sewers, to report at the next meeting.

Petition of Sarah A. Baker for an asphalt sidewalk on Fleet street was referred to the committee on streets.

The report of the police commissioners to Sept. 30th was read and accepted.

The auditor's report was read and bills to the amount of $2231.78 were ordered paid.

Ald. Vaughan asked the chairman of the committee on sewers if the report on the Granite State avenue sewer was ready.

Ald. Blaisdell reported that Civil Engineer Hoyt had only surveyed part of the route. He had orders to survey it to Jones avenue.

Ald. Vaughan moved that the chairman of the committee on city lands and buildings put the south ward room building in repair. It brought out a lengthy discussion by the whole board and the motion was carried.

Ald. Wells called the attention of the board to the needs of the court house gas fixtures being repaired and glass to be set. Moved that the committee on city lands and buildings attend to it.

Ald. Garrett moved to adjourn for two weeks and the motion prevailed.

The whole meeting passed off without a jar. Ald. Kirvan was congratulated several times during the session on account of the fact that his ward will have an extra member of the legislature by the new census.

AT THE NAVY YARD.

Five laborers were required in the department of construction and repair.

The offices in the general store at the yard are being enlarged and refitted.

Comfortable quarters have been fitted up on the Reina Mercedes for the ship keepers

This is pay day on the yard and the combined pay rolls contain over nine hundred names.

Eight machinists in steam engineering have been promoted from second class to first class.

With the smoke pipes and upper works of the Reina Mercedes painted she will present a fine appearance.

There are now one hundred and eighty-nine men employed on the new dry dock, including forty Italians.

The dry dock contractors are having the coal dock wharf strengthened to permit the discharging of granite.

MR. COUHIG CHOSEN.

The democratic caucus in ward five on Tuesday evening resulted in the choice of Jeremiah Couhig, the former alderman, as candidate for representative. Mr. Couhig received sixty-eight votes against the twenty-nine which were given ex-Alderman A. K. W. Green, the other aspirant who was in the field.

DENIAL BY CHANDLER.

Never Admitted His Defeat, He Declares

Senator William E. Chandler was interviewed on Monday at the Boston and Maine passenger station in Concord, as he returned from his home in Waterloo. In answer to questions regarding the story which appeared Saturday in the Boston Post declaring that he admitted defeat by saying the odds were against him six to one and blaming the railroads, the senator said:

"The article seems to be a democratic medley composed from old pamphlets and from things which I and others said and things which I and others have not said.

"I have never admitted that I should be defeated. On the contrary I am sure I shall be elected, unless the railroad defeats me.

"I have never said that the railroad had decided to defeat me. I have always said I believed it would not do so, notwithstanding the unmistakable initial movements of Benjamin A. Kimball, Alfred T. Batchelder and other railroad men. These will be repudiated, I believe, by the real railroad owners and managers.

"The subject I am unwilling personally to discuss at any length, or give any prominence to until after McKinley is elected."

HARRY HOUGH'S SENTENCE.

Harry Hough, the former treasurer of the Cocheco Savings bank, and former assistant cashier of the Cocheco National bank of Dover, will complete his year's term in Dover jail for embezzlement today. Then in accordance with the order of Judge Aldrich of the United States circuit court, Hough will be taken to Manchester jail to serve the remaining four years of his sentence at hard labor.

It is understood that an effort is being made to have Hough's sentence so changed by the court that he will be allowed to serve the whole five years in Dover jail. John Kivel of Dover and J. S. H. Frink of Greenland, Hough's counsel, held a long conference on the matter with the prisoner in jail Saturday.

EXETER REPUBLICAN CAUCUS.

The republicans of Exeter held a caucus on Monday evening for the selection of candidates to be supported at the impending election.

The only opposition vote was in that for representative, which resulted as follows: Clarence Getchell, 1; Luke Leighton, 1; William P. Chadwick, 1; John H. Fellows. 194; Edward F. Nowell, 246; Albert T. Severance, 261 Arthur L. Fuller, 280; Leonard D. Smith, 288, the last four being nominated. All are said to be anti-Chandler men.

William P. Chadwick was unanimously nominated for moderator and William Burlingale, Arthur Cooper and Herbert Pottingill for supervisors by a large majority.

ANNUAL C. & M. MEETING.

At the annual meeting in Concord on Tuesday noon of the stockholders of the Concord & Montreal railroad it was unanimously voted to authorize the building of a branch from Concord to Hudson, to be operated by electricity, and to issue bonds for the construction thereof to an amount not to exceed $1,000,000. The following board of directors was elected: Benjamin A. Kimball, Concord; Walter M. Parker Manchester; Alpha J. Pillsbury, Chas. E. Tilton, Tilton; Charles E. Morrison, Boston; Lewis C. Pattee, Winchester, Mass.; Frank Jones, Portsmouth; Noah S. Clark, Manchester; Hiram N. Turner, St. Johnsbury, Vt.; George M. Kimball, Concord; Arthur H. Hale, Manchester; Hiram A. Tuttle, Pittsfield; Benjamin G. White, Concord.

A DELIGHTFUL BOOK.

The Mountain Maid and Other Poems of New Hampshire, is a delightful book, in an Old Home Week edition, published by Houghton, Mifflin and company, The Riverside Press, Cambridge. Dedicated to the "creator of Old Home Week and to all who love New Hampshire," it is a fine collection of choicest New Hampshire verse by Edna Dean Proctor, and is bound to live among Granite State literature. There are twenty subjects, including notes and thirteen half-tone illustrations.

DIRECTORS' BANQUET.

The directors of the Exeter, Hampton & Amesbury street railway company held their annual meeting in Exeter on Tuesday and then came to this city via the Portsmouth electric railway. They arrived in town at one o'clock in the afternoon, and immediately went to hotel Rockingham, where they took dinner in the colonial dining room. The menu was one of the Rockingham's finest. President Wallace D. Lovell sat at the head of the table and officiated as toast master There were fourteen gentlemen in the party.

"He is Wise Who Talks But Little."

This is only a half truth. If wise men had held their tongues, we should know nothing about the circulation of the blood. If it were not for this advertisement you might never know that Hood's Sarsaparilla is the greatest medicine in the world to purify and enrich your blood, create an appetite, give you strength and steady nerves.

Impure Blood—*"My complexion was bad. Hood's Sarsaparilla did much good by purifying my blood. My skin is now clear."* Annie D. McCoy, Walsontown, Pa.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

MUSIC HALL.

F. W. HARTFORD, MANAGER.

Four Nights. Commencing

Wednesday, October 10th

Daily Matinees.

Jessie Sawtelle DRAMATIC CO.

Presenting the following

REPERTOIRE:

Wednesday Matinee, "Chattanooga in '61."
Wednesday Night, "Victorian Cross."
Thursday Matinee, "A Country Courtship."
Thursday Night, "The New South."
Friday Matinee, to be announced.
Friday Night, "Mask of Life."
Saturday Matinee, to be announced.
Saturday Night, "Grip of Steel."

A Host of Specialties.

A Carload of New Scenery, Mechanical and Electrical Effects.

PEOPLE'S POPULAR PRICES. 10c, 20c and 30c

Seats on sale Monday, Oct. 8th, at Music Hall box office.

Monday Evening, Oct. 15th.

THE BIG NEW YORK SUCCESS

A Play with a Record—227 Nights in New York.

Another "Old Homestead."
—*New York World.*

THE BEST OF ALL RURAL PLAYS.

The New and Big Production, Direct from its Third Long Engagement at the 14th St. Theatre, New York.

Alice E. Ives' and Jerome H. Eddy's Picturesque New England Play, Full of Human Nature and Heart Interest.

"No play of this kind has met with such positive success."
—*Boston Herald.*

The Village Postmaster

Under the Management of MR. J. WESLEY ROSENQUEST. Also Manager 14th St. Theatre, N. Y.

"New York has never seen a better drama of rural life."
—*New York World.*

Sweet, Clean and Elevating, Appealing to Man, Woman and Child, and withal "as full of good, healthy fun as an egg is of meat."

Big Cast, including ARCHIE BOYD as the Postmaster.

All Special Scenery and Properties carried for this production.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

Granite State Fire Insurance Company

OF PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

Paid-Up Capital, $200,000

OFFICERS:

President, FRANK JONES;
Vice President, JOHN W. SANBORN
Secretary, ALFRED F. HOWARD;
Asst. Secretary. JOHN W. EMERY
Treasurer, JUSTIN V. HANSCOM;
Executive Committee, FRANK JONES JOHN W. SANBORN, CHARLES A. SINCLAIR, ALBERT WALLACE and E. H. WINCHESTER.

We Are Now Receiving Two Cargos of

PORTLAND CEMENT

— AND THE —

HOFFMAN CEMENT

The only lot of fresh cement in the city

We have the largest stock and constant shipments ensure the newest cements.

J. A. & A. W. WALKER

137 MARKET ST.



Electrical Supplies and Wiring for Electric Lights.

BELLS & FANS.

G. B. CHADWICK & CO.

11 BOW ST.

STANDARD BRAND.

Newark cement

400 Barrels of the above Cement Just Landed.

THIS COMPANY'S CEMENT

Has been on the market for the past fifty years. It has been used on the

Principal Government and Other Public Works,

And has received the commendation of Engineers Architects and Consumers generally

Persons wanting cement should not be strived. Obtain the best.

FOR SALE BY

JOHN H. BROUGHTON

"A WORD TO THE WISE

is sufficient."

Refrigerators

AND

Go-carts

Are somewhat out of season to advertise, we admit, but we want to call your attention to the fact that we are making.

Specially Low Prices

On these two lines of goods just now in order to close out our surplus stock which otherwise will have to be carried over to another season.

Prudent People

Take advantage of the trader's dilemma and thus secure real bargains.

W. E. Paul

39 to 45 Market St.

OFFICIAL SIGNATURES.

Work That Has to Be Done by Presidents and Cabinet Officers.

"Cabinet and bureau officers," said a private secretary of one of the former, "lose a lot of valuable time in signing their names to official documents which are given life by the scrawl traced so hurriedly upon them.

"Ancient official documents show that when George Washington signed his name during the early part of his first administration he frequently wrote it 'George Washington,' although his favorite signature and the one he commonly signed was 'Go. Washington.' It has also been found on documents written 'G. Washington.' Doubts may be entertained as to the accuracy of this statement, as the almost universal signature known to the public is with his first name abbreviated 'Go.,' but the facts are as I state them.

"When Mr. Lincoln first entered the White House, he always signed his name in full, 'Abraham Lincoln.' Subsequently he abbreviated his official signature to the 'A. Lincoln' of familiar sight.

"Mr. Cleveland elided one of his Christian names before he came to Washington, and he always wrote 'Grover Cleveland' in full.

"The president devotes a specified time daily to affixing his signature to papers of state, and the commissions of army, navy and other officers bearing presidential appointments, and presidential postmasters, of whom there are about 3,500, changing with each administration or recommissioned if reappointed. Mr. Lincoln evidently found that it consumed too much time to write his name in full, and this is the reason, no doubt, why he abbreviated it.

"It cannot be said with exactness which of the cabinet officers signs his name the most frequently. I believe, however, that it is the postmaster general. Not only does he affix his signature to the countless official papers of the department in common with his confreres, but he signs the commissions of all the postmasters of the fourth class, and they approximate 70,000. Sometimes one postoffice will be commissioned several times during the term of the incumbent postmaster general, and it would not be far out of the way to say that he signs from 80,000 to 100,000 fourth class postmasters' commissions during his term.

"Cabinet officers acquire great rapidity in making these formal signatures, and they hurry through with it, as it is a task and blocks other more important work. Messengers stand by the side of the chief presenting the commissions or papers with one hand while they quickly blot each signature as made with the other."—Washington Star.

OILS FROM THE WHALE.

They Possess Certain Qualities Which Keep Them In Demand.

"Whale oil," said a dealer in oils, "is to some extent used as a lubricating oil, but not to a very large extent. When used for lubricating purposes, it is more often compounded with mineral oils, which are cheaper. Whale oil is used for tempering steel. It is still used in a limited way by some people as an illuminating oil. Whale oil is used for making whale oil soap, used for killing worms on trees.

"Sperm oil is a fine lubricating oil, used on fine machinery, large and small. The fine sewing machine oil is likely to be sperm oil. It is used for illuminating purposes in safety lamps in warehouses, because of its small liability to explode, sperm standing a higher degree of heat than mineral oils. It is used as a signal oil on shipboard, for lamps and lanterns and for side lights, and so on, and on steamers for a lubricating oil. For all these purposes mineral oils and lubricating compounds have more or less supplanted it because of their greater cheapness, but sperm oil is nevertheless in demand for them. There are some other uses for whale oil and for sperm oil, which are still sold to larger and smaller users by the barrel or the can or gallon.

"The desirable qualities for some uses of these oils, once so commonly used, make a market for the comparatively small and diminishing quantities of them now brought to sale, even though their prices are higher than those of the oils that have so commonly supplanted them.

"There is an oil produced from some part of the head of the whale that is much more costly than either whale oil or sperm oil. It sells in fact for as much as $10 a gallon. This is watch oil, and it may be bought of dealers in watch supplies. It is used for oiling watches and also for oiling the arbors or journals of the wheels of tower clocks. It is not only a fine lubricant, but it withstands cold remarkably well, not freezing except at an extremely low temperature, for which reason it is very desirable for such use in cold and exposed situations."—New York Sun.

General Stark In a Hole.

There is nothing like old letters and old diaries for bringing history to life again. What historian has drawn such a picture of the hero of Bennington as this, borrowed from the journal of Colonel Israel Angel of Rhode Island? Even the spelling gives color to the truth of the account:

"Septr 21st 1780. A Rany morning but Soon broak away the gentlemen met again this day to Settle the dispute between Barron Steuben and Col Hazen but did not finish the business, went to dobbs Ferry in the afternoon on our way back a merry scean happened Genl Stark going to water his hors at a place Call'd The Stole, mired him, and got him into the mud and mire. The Genl Got out without aney damage Except bedumbing himself with mud, the adj. gen. allso mired his hors, but he got out without difficulty. Genl. Stark was drawd out by the Soldiers."—Youth's Companion.

Imitation Teeth.

At an earlier period in the development of the art imitation teeth were made as perfect as possible, in respect to both shape and whiteness, so that their very freedom from blemish often rendered their falsity more conspicuous. Nowadays the matter is better understood, and defects are purposely made in order to contribute to illusion.

Recrimination.

First Boy—Your father must be an awful mean man. Him a shoemaker and makin you wear them old boots!

Second Boy—He's nothin to wimt your father is. Him a dentist, and your baby only got one tooth!—Irish Independent.

Many a man looks upon marriage as an institution that enables him to put his property in his wife's name.—Chicago News.

CURED BY A SEA TRIP

A QUEER EXPERIENCE WITH A SHIPLOAD OF LUNATICS.

Hallucinations Which Speedily Vanished When the Opportunity to Exploit Them Was Removed From the Victims.

Of late years there is no mental disease which has occupied the attention of brain specialists more than hallucinations. The competition to get on, especially among public men, is so fierce that mental disorders of the most distressing kind unknown in the last century are rapidly on the increase. Not that persons so afflicted are mad. People subject to hallucinations are simply victims of certain false perceptions engendering a belief in something which has no existence outside the senses.

The ordinary sea voyage having been found to work many cures, it was resolved by several gentlemen to see what a sea voyage with suitable medical treatment could effect. So an ocean going steamer was chartered and started on a trip around the world with a party of some 40 ladies and gentlemen, exclusive of medical men—of whom I was one—on board.

Every passenger was the victim of some hallucination, and they all knew that their ultimate recovery not only depended on the voyage, but largely on the efforts they put forth themselves. The shyness which characterized my patients soon wore off, and before we had been at sea a week all were at their ease chatting about their symptoms with refreshing candor. A more varied assortment of delusions it would have been impossible to have got together. Those who found no scope at sea for the exercise of their delusions soon recovered.

One of the quickest recoveries was that of a stockbroker whose fortunes so rose and fell during a crisis that he presently developed a belief that any street in which he was walking divided as he passed along into two halves, one presenting a steep ascent, the other a steep descent. He used generally, so I was told by his wife, to choose the ascent and, to the amusement of the spectators, toil along the level thoroughfare as if he were going up hill. There being no streets at sea, the weakened nerves which had conveyed the impression to the optic nerve soon recovered tone, and on reaching Bombay he returned to England overland cured.

The spirit of emulation which this speedy recovery gave birth to worked splendid cures through the will power invoked.

"I know my husband is not sitting in that chair," a lovely young widow would say to me, "but I find it so difficult to persuade myself that the sight can deceive me. When I approach what I think is my husband, my hand so expects to rest itself on the dear one's shoulder that I cannot prevent it dropping when it finds nothing there."

I made her walk through the phantom figure and chair whenever they appeared, with no result. At last I discovered that she carried a portrait of her late husband. This I confiscated and, making the chief feign indisposition, persuaded her to take his place till she recovered. Distraction was what she wanted, and cooking for 50 people supplied her with more than sufficient. In a fortnight she was well.

A young lady who from too much novel reading had got to believe that she was the heroine of a novelette and to prevent being abducted by a wealthy duke had been wont to hide in coal cellars, garrets of houses and other queer places agreed with me that the duke would probably become disheartened if he saw her cleaning out the cabins daily and waiting at dinner. It must have been a pleasant illusion, for there was a twinge of regret in her voice one day when she told me "that there was no fear of her being abducted now, as the duke the last time she saw him had looked at her with ill concealed scorn."

On board there was a retired merchant who from too suddenly relinquishing an active life had become the prey of fancies, one of which was to imagine himself a grain of corn liable to be picked up by any chance fowl. On land the mere sight of a rooster sent him into paroxysms of fear. Even the birds we met at sea occasioned him some alarm, till I pointed out that sea birds could know nothing of seeds. At Naples I ventured, impelled by some of the party who were growing weary of meat, to introduce some poultry on board. The poor fellow turned so deadly pale when he saw them that to reassure him I threw a bucket of salt water over him, whispering, "It's all right; fowls hate salt water."

The next day, after drenching him again, I persuaded him to pluck a couple of fowl for dinner and the following to take a live one in his hands on promising that the salt water should be used the moment he was in danger. As soon as he began to think he might after all escape his doom I knew that the enfeebled tissue was slowly hardening.

Perhaps the most intellectual, certainly the most famous, of all our patients was a well known barrister who from sheer overwork and nervousness had become a prey of a curious hallucination. Imagine a gentleman mounting a chair the moment he entered a room and bursting into tears if he failed to touch the ceiling. For the first three months he had no ceiling but the heavens, for he lived and slept on deck, his duties being to keep all the brasswork well polished. After we left Melbourne it grew so bitterly cold that he begged to be allowed to sleep below.

"You may try if you like," I said, "but remember if you look at, let alone touch, the ceiling, you'll have to go back." It then became a case of will power, and will power triumphed.

One of the few failures was an old lady who regularly every evening believed that she was a letter which had been written for dispatch by the night mail. After sticking a stamp on her forehead she used to get into the bed, she had brought on board. She accounted for her presence the next morning by explaining that the relative to whom she had been dispatched had affixed a fresh stamp and reposted her.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Smallest Rent.

The peasant possessor of a piece of land in the district of Itzehoe, Denmark, pays what is believed to be the smallest rent paid by anybody in the world—a single penny. The land has been in his family for generations and escapes a higher rent through the act of one of his ancestors in saving the life of Count Rantzau of Brinenberg castle.

COMICAL APPLICATIONS.

Amusing Letters Received by the Commissioner of Pensions.

Pensioners oftentimes write peculiar letters to the pension office detailing their injuries and the reasons why they should receive a portion of the bounty of the government. Here are some of the extraordinary epistles that have been received by the commissioner of pensions:

"I vatily believe that Orville Jameson is fatiged from earnin his leavin beces he is too fait ways 200 pound and hav a family to fead—the nabors thinks he have dropsy but I no he have no dropsy because he would bust if he had more insides him than he now hav besides wich he are without vitious habits or references. I no he hav solid fat vittels in him an no dropsy."

"The way I got my war ingery was a ketchin of a hog. The hog wor a sow hog and our captain wanted her for forege. We was chasin the sow and she crawled threw a hoal in a rale fence. It war a big hoal and I thot I war about the sis of a hog and tried to crawl threw, but I stuk and tring to wigle out I throde the rales off and one hit me on my hed and nocked me sensless. I do not think the sow pig had nothing to do with my line of duty for I did not kech the hog.—Wich she never war caught."

"Now I want you or the comesenir of pensens to give me a plais in your offits—then I wont ask for no moar raze in pensen jus—now.—i can clurk o. k. but I cant laber, or I cud boss the other clurks maik them stan roun and raze dewlie entitel pensens Keape them from loifeinge whosperin in offis ours in fact akt as janeter or superviser seeing all things gone rite."

"I fust got to be a total wreck from liver and kidneys then I was a totally wrecked by consumption which came one me.—Now I am totally wrecked by army troubles, sprains and hard marching."

"I got blood poison by beinge hit with a hens eg which was not good when you send my pensen I want the Deed made sos my wife cant get none off it—she throde the eg."—New York World.

SHOOTING FROM THE HIP.

You Can Do It if You Possess the Sense of Direction.

"I've heard a good many stories about 'hip shooting,'" said a veteran hunter of this city, "but I never saw but one man who professed to be able to do the trick. He was a physician named Webster, who came from somewhere near Charleston, S. C. I hunted with him twice at Asheville, and on each occasion he gave some remarkable exhibitions of his skill.

"He used an old fashioned Parker breechloader, 12 bore, and when he shot from the hip he grasped the stock just behind the hammers with his right hand and held the barrels firmly in his left some eight or nine inches below the muzzle. The flat of the stock was pressed against his right side at the top of the hip bone and a little to the front, so he did not face the object he shot at, but had it quartering on his left. I am sure about these details because I watched him particularly. The first thing I saw him knock over a rabbit which was loping across a plowed field. He steadied the gun for an instant with a gesture that reminded me somehow of a man holding a billiard cue and then blazed away. The rabbit dropped.

"Afterward I saw him shoot a lark on the wing and two other birds sitting. He afterward missed a couple of wing shots, but I saw enough to convince me that there was no accident about his first work. He didn't pretend to shoot as well from the hip as from the shoulder and admitted frankly that he couldn't bring down difficult game, such, for instance, as snipe. 'I can hit about three out of five,' he said, 'when I pick my own conditions.' And I believe he could do even better.

"When I asked him how he did it, he laughed. 'There is no mystery about hip shooting,' he said, 'and it is a great mistake to suppose it necessary to look over the sights in order to hit things. How does an archer bring down flying birds? He doesn't look along the arrow; he shoots by sense of direction, and I do the same thing with a gun. It isn't everybody who possesses this sense of direction,' he added, 'but those who have it—perhaps one out of three—can learn hip shooting easily.'"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

How Bismarck Could Eat.

In an entertaining collection of anecdotal history regarding the life and times of Bismarck, published by Harper & Bros., occurs the following:

Bismarck and Bancroft, the American historian and at that time minister to the court of Berlin, were one day dining with Herr von der Heydt, who prided himself on the quantity and quality of the food which he furnished to his guests, and of that dinner the following story is told:

"In those days (1868) Bismarck was still in possession of his wonderful appetite. Bancroft, at first amazed, became at last anxious on seeing his friend twice partake largely of the first courses. 'Dear count,' he remarked with a world of anxiety in his voice, 'I believe there is more to come.' 'I should hope so,' replied Bismarck, joyfully, and renewed his terrifying practice at the next course."

Would Sound Better.

The Sixth Michigan cavalry, of the famous Custer brigade, was commanded by a colonel who had formerly been a member of the Michigan bar.

In the early morning of the last day at Gettysburg his regiment, with others, was in line awaiting orders. The men grew impatient and excited and gradually became noisy in their talk and laughter.

The colonel bore it for a few moments, and, then, turning to his men, with a nervous gesture, he called, "Keep silence there!" instantly adding in an apologetic tone, "Not that I care, but it will sound better!"—Youth's Companion.

Occasional Exceptions.

Sufferer—Do you extract teeth without pain?

Dentist—Not always. I sprained my wrist on one a couple of days ago, and the blamed thing hurts yet.—Philadelphia Record.

A Fluent Listener.

Tess—She was boasting that she was a very good listener.

Jess—Yes, she's what you might call a fluent listener. She loves to hear herself talk.—Exchange.

Henry V commanded that six wing feathers should be taken by the sheriffs from every goose for the feathering of arrows.

Politeness eases the jolts in life's journey.

ATTRACTIVE TITLES.

CLEVERNESS OF AUTHORS IN NAMING THEIR BOOKS.

How and Why Some Famous Authors Evolved Titles For Their Works. Some Quaint Titles of Ancient Studies and Romances.

The effect which a taking title may or may not have on the fortunes of a book is an open question. When books are spoken of in this connection, it is usually fiction that is in the speaker's thoughts. There is little need or excuse in the fields of history and biography, topography, theology and science for the use of other than perfectly plain, straightforward titles. In the domain of the essay fancy has more scope, and here some writers have been happily inspired.

But, after all, it is in regard to fiction that the question of titles becomes of most importance. Some great novelists have taken but little trouble in the matter. "Waverley," "Jane Eyre," "Nicholas Nickleby," "Middlemarch," "Tom Jones"—to name a few examples at random—offer no special attraction to catch the attention of possible readers. None of Thackeray's or Dickens' titles are of an alluring or particularly suggestive turn, save perhaps "Vanity Fair," "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" and "A Tale of Two Cities." Some other novelists have devoted special care and thought to the invention of attractive title. Wilkie Collins was much exercised about the naming of the book known to fame as "The Woman In White." The story was finished and part of it was already in type for serial publication in All the Year Round before a name had been found.

"Literally at the eleventh hour," said Collins himself long afterward, "I thought of 'The Woman In White.' In various quarters this was declared to be a vile melodramatic title that would ruin the book. Among the very few friends who encouraged me the first and foremost was Charles Dickens. 'Are you, too, disappointed?' I said to him. 'Nothing of the sort, Wilkie! A better title there cannot be'"—a verdict which the reading public was not slow to indorse. "No Thoroughfare," the title of the story written in collaboration by Dickens and Collins, was another happy inspiration. Collins carefully studied effectiveness in most of the titles of his novels. "No Name," "After Dark," "Miss or Mrs?" "The Haunted Hotel" and the like have all proved alluring enough to fascinate readers.

George Eliot's titles are mostly of the straightforward, pedestrian order, but she is said to have had great trouble in fixing on one for the book which tells the history of Maggie Tulliver, Stephen Guest and Philip Waken. "The Tullivers" and various others were suggested before it was finally decided to call the book by the not very happy title of "The Mill on the Floss." Hawthorne, with his natural instinct for the picturesque and the suggestive, found titles which were not only attractive, but full of suggestion. What could be better than "The Scarlet Letter," "The House of the Seven Gables" and "The Marble Faun?"

Of recent years novelists have vied with one another in the invention of far-fetched names, intended to be arresting and enticing, but which are often merely "conceited," in the old sense of the word, and strained. But for titles which are full of quaint conceits we must go back to the earlier days of our literature. Grammar is not precisely an inviting study, though in the "Diversions of Purley" it became almost attractive; but Horne Tooke's absurd title is altogether put in the shade by a sixteenth century Latin grammar, which had for a subtitle the following honeyed description: "A delvsious Syrupe newly Claryfied for Younge Scholars yt thurste for the Swete Lycore of Latin Speche." We wonder whether this highly sugared pill deceived a single one of the urchins for whom it was so carefully prepared.

For titles of the fanciful kind the Puritan writers distance all competitors. In their hands allusion and metaphor often become simply grotesque. Here are a few titles of theological pamphlets and books: "A Most Delectable Sweet Perfumed, Nosegay For God's Saints to Smell At," a pamphlet issued in 1686. "The Snuffers of Divine Love," "Heel Pieces For Limping Sinners." "The Spiritual Mustard Pot to Make the Soul Sneeze With Devotion." and so forth. Devotion is hardly the feeling which seems most likely to be inspired by the perusal of such absurdities. But the Puritans in the adoption of these high flown and grotesque phrases simply aped the ways of more secular writers of the time.

The romancers of Elizabethan days reveled in fantastic titles, which were doubtless enticing enough to the limited reading public of that day. Painter's "Palace of Pleasure" is a type of many book titles similarly constructed. The euphuistic school of course let their fancy run riot in the invention of strange names for the tedious romances in which they discoursed of strange birds and beasts and plants. Greene's "Philomela: the Lady FitzWater's Nightingale," and "Mourning Garment: or, The Tritameron of Love," sound much more attractive than any modern reader could possibly find them to be.

Fashions in names have changed, but the object aimed at remains the same. The modern novelist invents a far fetched or a startling title in the hope of stimulating curiosity and alluring readers and buyers, just in the same way that his predecessors of three centuries ago strove to hoodwink the reading public of that day.—London Globe.

Five From Five.

"Five from five leave how many?" asked the master of a little boy some 6 years old who had not had many lessons in arithmetic.

After a moment's reflection he answered:

"Five."

"How do you make that out?"

Holding his little hand up, the youngster said:

"Here are five fingers on my right hand, and here are five on the other. Now, if I take that five fingers on my left hand away from the right, won't five remain?"

Worse'n a Widow.

Charitable Old Lady—Poor woman! And are you a widow?

Beggar—Worse than a widow, ma'am; me husband's livin, an I have to support him.—Glasgow Times.

At Constantinople there is an autograph letter which is claimed to have been written by the hand of the Saviour, whose authenticity has been stoutly defended for centuries.

A CONFIDENT SMALL BOY.

He Knew Grandma Would Come, and the Ship Had to Wait.

The steamship Werra of the North German line was ready to sail from her pier at New York. The parting tears had been shed, the parting embraces and handclasps were over, and the men at the gangplank, rope in hand, stood impatiently waiting to hoist it clear of the ship. But the gangplank remained unhoisted, the Werra immovable, all because a 6-year-old boy would have it so.

He had bolted for the pier when the warning whistle sounded for visitors to go ashore and obstinately refused to get on board till he and his grandmother were reunited. She had gone "up town," he said, to buy him a hat to replace one that had been blown overboard, and till she returned go on board the Werra he would not.

Minutes were passing into the half hour, and the captain, becoming impatient, gave orders that the baggage of the boy and his grandmother should be put ashore. It was found, however, that they were "first class" passengers and that their baggage was extensive, and as undesirable complications might follow if it were unceremoniously dumped upon the pier and the boy left behind the order was recalled, and new advances were made to the affectionately obstinate youngster.

Pleadings and commands were alike lost upon him, however. No, his grandmother had not deserted him. She would come back. He knew she would, and till he saw her the Werra was not for him.

So the Werra waited. The captain, from the quarter deck, viewed the lad with grim perplexity. The passengers, who crowded the rail, eagerly and intensely interested in the outcome, smiled upon him with sympathetic approval, and the crew grinned at the humor of a situation in which their autocratic commander was powerless before the loving determination of a small boy.

Meanwhile the grandmother had returned and had entered the vessel unseen by the boy and unrecognized by the others. She missed him, and in her eager search approached the gangplank and gazed toward the pier. The two saw each other instantly, and the grandmother, ignorant of the boy's reasons for leaving the vessel and fearing she knew not what, knelt and extended her arms toward him in a dumb entreaty that was needless, for a joyously exultant, "Oh, grandma, I knew you'd come!" was followed by a swift rush of eager feet along the gangplank, and the yearning arms were happily filled. A tremendous cheer rang from decks and pier, and the Werra, released, went on her way.—Youth's Companion.

MR. BANNISTER'S BEARD.

It Caused a Stoppage of Pleasant Neighborly Relations.

The Bannisters and the Ridgeleys are, or were, what might almost be called bosom friends. Mrs. Bannister's girl has often borrowed eggs and other things from Mrs. Ridgeley's cook. For three years these two excellent families have lived side by side without a quarrel. This may be due to the fact that the Bannisters have no children. Mrs. Bannister can hear Mrs. Ridgeley praise her little Dorothy and repeat the smart sayings of her little Percival without feeling any jealousy whatever.

Theirs has been an ideal friendship. Still it is only a friendship, after all. There is always among them that polite constraint which keeps people on their best behavior. It is not as if they were members of one family.

And so it came to pass when Mr. Bannister had his beard removed that Mrs. Ridgeley was careful not to tell him what she really thought of his appearance. She assured him that he looked young with a smooth face, but at home she declared that he was "a perfect fright."

"I don't see," she said to her husband, "why his wife ever permitted him to have it cut off. He surely must have had a beard before they were married or she could never have fallen in love with him. Really he looks like a scarecrow. I never knew that a beard could make so much difference in a man's appearance."

One evening two or three weeks later the Bannisters were sitting on the Ridgeleys' porch. They had talked about the weather and the war and other things when little Percival suddenly exclaimed:

"Oh, mamma, Mr. Bannister's letting them grow again! Did you notice it? He doesn't look like a fright or a scarecrow any more, does he?"

Mrs. Ridgeley's girl hasn't borrowed a thing out of the Bannister kitchen since.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Engine and Elephant.

In certain parts of India railroad engineers have many difficulties to encounter, some of them more amusing to read about than to experience. Of one such difficulty an exchange tells the following story:

A freight train was lumbering along when a big elephant came out of the woods and undertook to butt the engine off the track. The engineer did not like to charge the brute, for fear of an upset, and several times reversed the engine in the vain hope that the elephant would take that as a sign of surrender and retire.

Finally the elephant backed into the engine and, setting its fore feet firmly between the rails, endeavored to push the train backward with its hind quarters.

The engineer promptly put on all steam, toppled the elephant over a small embankment, and before it could recover its senses the train passed on.

Secondhand Tea.

Do you drink secondhand tea? Of course you don't if you know it, but the trouble is that it is on the market, and you can't tell it from the fresh article by looking at it.

"Collecting tea leaves that have been used is getting to be quite an industry," said a well known hotel man. "After the tea has been drawn we have no further use for them, and in many restaurant and hotel kitchens, by paying the cook a small amount, the leaves will be saved. Once a week a man calls for them. He has a big bag, into which they are hastily dumped.

"These leaves are then dried and put on the market. This secondhand tea sells at a lower price than fresh tea and finds many buyers."—New York World.

Condensed Tragedies.

"What do you think is the saddest work of fiction you ever read?"

"The cookbook," answered the young woman who has not been married very long. "Not more than one in ten of those pieces comes out right."—Washington Star.

A MEASURE OF MERIT.

Portsmouth Citizens Should Weigh Well This Evidence.

Proof of merit lies in the evidence.
Convincing evidence in Portsmouth.
Is not the testimony of strangers.
But the endorsement of Portsmouth people.

That's the kind of proof given here.

The statement of a Portsmouth citizen.

Mr. William R. Weston of No. 1 Woodbury avenue says.—"For a year or more I had kidney trouble, sometimes attacking me more severely than others. In every instance I had more or less dizziness, backache, soreness over the kidneys, pains shooting up between the shoulders or down the thighs and too frequent action of the kidney secretion. I read about Doan's Kidney Pills and I got a box at Philbrick's pharmacy in the Franklin block. Well, they went right to the spot at once. I never got anything to approach them. I can honestly recommend Doan's Kidney Pills."

For sale by all dealers; price 50 cents. Foster—Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. sole agents for the U. S.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no substitute.

Drink Only The Purest

FINE OLD

Ky. Taylor

WHISKEY.

If you want purity and richness of flavor, try our OLD KENTUCKY TAYLOR, 8 years old and our own distillation and guaranteed pure. Bottled and shipped direct from our warehouses by None genuine without our signature both labels. For consumption, Indigestion, and all ailments requiring stimulant OLD KENTUCKY TAYLOR has no superior. Sold by all first-class druggists grocers, and liquor dealers.

Sold by Globe Grocery Co., Portsmouth, N. H.

For A Stylish Hitchout

— GO TO —

C. E. DEMPSEY'S STABLE,

Deer Street,

Or call him by telephone, 18—3, and he will send any team you want to your door.

Choice Horses,

Well Equipped Carriages

OLIVER W. HAM,

(Successor to Samuel S. Fletcher)

60 Market Street.

Furniture Dealer

— AND —

Undertaker.

NIGHT CALLS at side entrance, No. 2 Hanover street, or at residence, cor. New Vaughan street and Raynes avenue.

Telephone 59—2.

More than Seventy Million of cigars sold in New England by the manufacturers of the

7-20-4

The best judges of tobacco admit it is the best 10c. cigar on the market. The Havana tobacco now being used gives extra fine flavor.

At Wholesale in Portsmouth by

FRED S. WENDELL, J. H. SWETT,

Deer and Market Sts. Bridge

R. G. SULLIVAN.

MANUFACTURER

Manchester, N. H.

PILES Williams Indian Pile Ointment is a sure cure for PILES. It absorbs tumors. Stops itching, GIVES RELIEF 50c and $1. At Druggists

For sale by George Hill, Druggist.

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THE HERALD.

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FOR PORTSMOUTH AND PORTSMOUTH'S INTERESTS.

You want local news? Read the Herald. More local news than all other local dailies combined. Try it

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1900.

Bryan's liking for Absalom appears to be due wholly to the fact that the latter was the inventor of the populist style of dressing the hair.

Mr. Olney may yet feel obliged to resort to the horribly un-Bryan-like expedient of taking out an injunction to prevent the rise of the empire.

There is one redeeming feature about the work of the straw-vote taker, and that is the fact that his returns invariably show big republican majorities.

In accordance with previous arrangements, the Massachusetts democrats have nominated Robert Treat Paine for governor. Notice of funeral hereafter.

During Andrew Jackson's administration the twittering Bryanites of those days denounced him as the wickedest old "imperialist" that ever came down the pike.

Yet even if it be true, as Croker says, that he never heard of Webster Davis, it isn't Davis' fault. He can't be expected to operate his voice more than twenty-four hours a day.

It is not yet certain whether the Hon. Bourke Cockran has received Crocker's forgiveness or merely his gracious permission to help tote the bass drum in the Bryan parade.

According to his own statement, the German emperor wants peace in China, but he wants a lot of gore first. It behooves the empress dowager to see that her head is on straight.

Doubtless the deep-chested rowdies who tried to mob Gov. Roosevelt represent the political sentiment of Colorado to about the same extent that the Chicago anarchists represent the political sentiment of Illinois. Nevertheless, as an illustration of the intolerant spirit of Bryanism, the affair in the town of Victor has a value which cannot be ignored.

"The money of the United States," says William McKinley, "is and must forever be unquestioned and unassailable." "Bosh," says Bryan. "You say money is created by labor. I say it is created by law. Elect me, and I will make everybody rich by congressional enactment. I will abolish poverty by joint resolution; I will create prosperity by fiat, and make labor a penal offense."

OBSEQUIES.

The funeral of William H. Akerman was held at the home of his parents on Cass street at two o'clock this afternoon. The services were conducted by the Rev. Lucius H. Thayer, pastor of the North Congregational church. Many floral offerings were contributed by the many friends of the young bugler of Co A, and the company was represented at the service. The burial will be in Dover by Undertaker H. W. Nickerson.

STEPPED INTO LIVE COALS.

"When a child I burned my foot frightfully," writes W. H. Eads, of Jonesville, Va., "which caused horrible leg sores for thirty years, but Bucklen's Arnica Salve wholly cured me after everything else failed." Infallible for Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Sores, Bruises and Piles. Sold by the Globe Grocery Co., for 25c.

NEW CASTLE FERRY DISCONTINUED.

The New Castle ferry, steamer Samuel Butterfield, has been discontinued for the present.

W. G. MELOON, Manager.

THE WOODS ASSAULT CASE.

Final Disposition to Be Made When the Respondent is Present.

The Woods assault case came up in police court again this morning and the arguments were made. Mr. J. W. Kelly appeared for Woods, who is out of the city and the state's case was presented by Assistant Marshal West.

Judge Adams, before whom the case was tried, stated that he would make a final disposition of the case when Woods could be present. The court said that no evidence had been introduced to show that the police were persecuting Mr. Woods and would not entertain such a consideration.

Mr. West stated that Woods' conduct had been repeatedly complained of and that a stop should be made to the fighting and brawls he was guilty of.

THE VILLAGE POSTMASTER.

"The Village Postmaster," with Mr. Archie Boyd in the title role, comes to Music hall on Monday evening, Oct. 15, after a long and successful run of 227 nights at the 14th Street theatre, New York, and comes direct from its third big engagement there and is quite likely to please our theatre going people during its stay here. The comments of one of the New York leading papers may prove of interest:

"New York has never seen a better drama of rural life than The Village Postmaster. The play throughout carried with it a smell of new mown hay, apple blossoms and pure country air. It will do a person good to witness it."—New York Herald.

THE PARISH PRIEST.

In this age of wisdom, a play full of naturalness is what the theatre-goers of today want. Taking this theory to heart, Daniel Hart has written a play that for realistic homeliness has never been equalled. The Parish Priest contains what many so-called dramas lack, namely a story that is told in everyday life, and characters who talk and act as real folks do. For clean, clever comedy and intense interest there never was a better play written than The Parish Priest. As Father Whalen, Daniel Sully has created a character that will never be forgotten. The production is said to be perfect in every detail and the cast one of the strongest Mr. Sully has ever carried.

CAUCUS AT RYE.

The Rye republicans held their caucus on Tuesday evening and nominated for representative James H. Perkins; for supervisors, John T. Marden, Edward S. Sawyer and Ezra H. Walker; for moderator, Charles S. Whidden.

Notwithstanding the disagreeable weather a large number was present at the meeting. H. Russell Sawyer was chairman and W. C. Walker secretary.

REPUBLICAN CAUCUSES.

Ward One.

The republicans of ward one are requested to meet in caucus at the ward room on Maplewood avenue at 7:30 o'clock on Friday evening, Oct. 12th, for the purpose of nominating candidates to be supported at the polls at the coming presidential election.

Per order of the ward commitee,
S. W. EMERY, Chairman.
F. R. GARRETT, Secretary.

Ward Two.

The republicans of ward two are requested to meet in caucus at the ward room on Court street at 7:30 o'clock on Friday evening, Oct. 12, for the purpose of nominating candidates to be supported at the polls at the coming presidential election.

Per order of the ward committee,
W. H. MOORE, Chairman.
J. D. RANDALL, Secretary.

REPUBLICANS, ATTENTION!

The republicans of the city are invited to meet at the probate court room in the court house on State street Wednesday evening, Oct. 10th, at 7:30, to form a republican club and to transact any other business that may come before the meeting. Per order city committee,

SAMUEL W. EMERY, Chairman.
JOSHUA M. VAUGHAN, Secretary.

Not In His Diocese.

Happy was Bishop Potter's reply to a brother prelate whom he chanced to be visiting at a popular seaside resort. As the bishops were walking home from the Sunday morning service they could not fail to notice the crowds of bathers in the surf, clad and unclad in all manner of costumes. The resident prelate turned to his visitor, saying, with a sigh, "What should you do if you were confronted by a problem like that in your diocese?" Bishop Potter quietly replied, "Brother, this is not my see!"—Time and the Hour.

The Scot and the Cheese.

A Scotchman once hired himself to a Cheshire farmer. At breakfast one of the famous cheeses of the county was set before him. His master left the Scot at table, and later, when he appeared for work, said to him, "Sandy, you take a long time to your breakfast." "Troth, master," replied the Scot, "a cheese o' that size is nae so soon eaten as ye may think."



Weak Women

Are Made Strong By Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Mrs. Grace Campbell, of 861 Logan Street, Grand Rapids, Michigan, relates the following story:

"The birth of my first child left me in a deplorable condition. My system was broken down and I suffered from general debility. My appetite failed me and the most delicate and inviting food failed to tempt me. I was thin and pale, and had neither energy nor ambition. My case had been growing steadily worse for two years. I had used several so-called remedies but was not benefited.

"In the summer of 1898, I was visiting in Ludington, Mich., and there learned of the wonderful cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I tried the pills and had not finished one box before I felt much better. I continued them through the year and the result was a perfect cure. I am no longer nervous nor rheumatic and have more than regained my lost flesh. I certainly recommend the pills to all women."

Signed MRS. GRACE CAMPBELL.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 20th day of July, 1900.
SEAL B. F. BARENDSEN, Notary Public.

At all druggists or direct from Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y. Price 50c. per box; 6 boxes $2.50.

The Kicking Tree at Wells.

The "kicking tree" is a landmark half way between Wells college and the nearest village, which bears evidence of peculiar treatment from the students of that well known educational establishment. It is described as a large elm, whose branches shade the walk traversed by the college girls whenever they go to the town to make purchases, and it is about half a mile from the college. For two or three feet from the ground its trunk is sadly marred. There are scars on it and indications that it was once properly covered with a tree's usual growth, but all of it is gone now. The college girls have done it. Years ago some erratic girl started the fashion of walking as far as the tree and marking the progress by administering a vigorous kick upon its side. The fashion came to stay. Now not a college girl thinks of walking by it without touching her foot against the trunk in a casual, matter of fact way. Millions of times, probably, has the old elm been thus assailed.—Boston Transcript.

He Captured Goethe.

There is no such luxury as privacy to him whose name is heralded far and wide. Some no doubt enjoy the distinction, but the majority must detest the intrusion.

Goethe once arrived at such a pitch of irascibility by reason of the prying curiosity of visitors that when a tourist would not be denied he descended from his study, lighted candle in hand, and without a word of greeting merely placed the candle on a table and sat still. In nowise daunted by the cold reception the tourist calmly seized the candle and went round and round the great man, examining his physiognomy with deliberate scrutiny. Whereupon the poet broke into a laugh and ordered wine.

And this persistent visitor, needless to remark, was an American.—Argonaut.

Compensation.

Cleverton—I find nowadays that if a man wants to marry a girl he has to work till he gets her.

Dashaway—But if it's the right girl he doesn't have to work afterward.—Brooklyn Life.

Engineers are always adjusting their machinery so that there is no lost motion. Some people are all lost motion.—Atchison Globe.

In Germany a tramp is called a "chaussiergrabentapezierer."



Once or twice a year the good housewife has a thorough house cleaning. The house has been swept and dusted every day in the year, but the housewife knows that in spite of vigilance dust accumulates in cracks and corners, and is only to be removed by special effort.

It's the same way with the body. You look after it every day. You take all the ordinary precautions of cleanliness and health. Yet the body needs its special cleaning to rid it of the accumulations of waste and poisonous matter which invite disease. Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, taken regularly once or twice a year, would save many a sickness. It purifies the blood, strengthens the stomach, and cleanses the body of poisonous accumulations.

"Last spring I had a severe attack of pneumonia, which left me with a bad cough, and also left my lungs in a very bad condition," writes John M. Russell, Esq., of Brent, Cherokee Nat. Ind. Ter. "I had no appetite and was so weak I could scarcely walk. My breast was all sore with running sores. I got two bottles Dr Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which I believe saved my life. I cannot express my gratitude to you. I am able now to do very good work."

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser, in paper covers, sent *free* on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay cost of mailing *only*. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE PIG IN IRELAND.

Known as "the Gintleman That Pays the Rint."

"Yes," said Tom Delany, "the wages are better now than they used to be. I'm getting 15 shillings a week now, and before it was only 10 shillings. I do be employed regularly for seven months. What do I do during the winther? The best I can, faith. I do get an odd job at 1 shilling 6 pence a day repairing roads or stone breaking, and I have my own half acre at the back of the cottage there, which keeps me in praties and a little cabbage."

"Have you got a pig?" I asked.

"Bedad, I have, and a fine wan, too," said Tom in delight, as if very proud of his possession. "Come and see her."

He brought me through a little gateway in the low wall which bordered his half acre allotment (a term, by the way, of which he did not know the meaning when I mentioned it), into a well kept little garden growing cabbages and potatoes. In a piggery in the garden I saw the pig—"a fine fat wan indade"—grunting contentedly as she lay on her litter of straw.

"Will you kill her and eat her yourself?" I asked.

"Oh, faith, no!" he said laughingly. "She'll go to the market at Kilmacthomas this day week, plase God, and I hope to get 5 or 6 pound for her, which will pay me rint and help bring me over the winther."

Of course, if I were an English tourist I would have expected to find the pig taking his ease in the coziest corner by the kitchen fire, "enjoyin," as the peasant once said, "all the inconveniences that an animal can aspire to." The pig is known as "the gintleman that pays the rint"—it was, by the way, William Carleton who first gave expression to the saying in one of his stories—and while the statement is not true as regards Irish agriculturists generally, for it is horned cattle, sheep and horses that pay most of the rents in Ireland, the pig has always played a very important part in the social economy of the small farmer and the agricultural laborer. Even their proverbs make that clear. "You're on the pig's back" means prosperity; "The pig is on your back" indicates misfortune.—Nineteenth Century.

COMPRESSED AIR.

The Idea of Using It For Cleaning Is Centuries Old.

"I sometimes wonder," said the man from the southwest, "whether the inventor who turned compressed air to cleaning purposes thought he had a brand new idea. If so, he was much mistaken. I saw air used for cleaning years ago. If I numbered my years by centuries instead of scores, I think I might have seen it at my birth just the same.

"The older method is primitive, of course. While the up to date system carries the air from a central station to the point of use, the original way is to press it on the spot. It's less dangerous. I first saw air used for the next to godly purposes years ago down in Mexico. A crowd of women were scattered along the banks of a stream. They knelt by flat stones at the edge of the water. By the side of each woman was the pile of garments to be washed. Each article had been thoroughly covered with soap from the soapweed. Nature is generous down there and grows the article.

"The women took the garments one by one and spread them out on the flat stones. Then they flirted and twisted and rubbed them to take the dirt out. Perhaps you imagine that they used the stone as a scrubbing board. Not at all. Mexican matrons don't like to patch and mend or to make new clothes any better than those north of the border.

"The washers took the well soaped garments and flung them over the stone with a flirt which caught the air underneath and puffed them up. This motion is similar to that of the spoon as the cook beats up the white of egg to make it light. The air caught in the wet cloth was kneaded out as the baker kneads the dough. It carried with it the dirt. The act was repeated again and again until the garment was white. The wear wasn't greater than on a modern scrubbing board, and the results were as good. I know, because I have worn shirts washed in this way. And this style of using air to clean was an old story, they tell me, when Nero ruled."—New York Sun.

The "Whin" of a Rattler.

"No matter where a man may go or what may befall him, he will never feel the same throb as when he first hears the 'whin' of a rattlesnake, followed by the blood curdling hiss that denotes the terrible creature is about to strike," says Will Sparks in Amslee's. "The danger from the rattlesnake is as great today as it ever was, and the man who starts down any rocky canyon is liable to meet one or more. Generally speaking, the rattlesnake gives warning when it is ready for business, but it happens that this warning is seldom given until the man is quite close—often too close to escape.

"Of almost the same color as the rocks, the snake lies practically concealed from view, and the first the traveler knows of its presence is the deadly singing of the rattles. Unless the man has heard it before he will not be able to locate it. The terrible sound seems to mingle with the sunshine, and the bewildered man is as likely to walk into the jaws of death as to run in the direction of safety. Unless medical aid is at hand very shortly after the bite death is sure to follow. An awful death it is; the Indians say the most awful death a man can die."

Odd Tragedies.

The sudden appearance of a hilarious mouse among the occupants of the gallery of the Victoria theater, Westminster, on boxing night, 1858, started a panic which resulted in the death of 15 people.

A mongrel cur strayed on to the St. Leger course some years ago just as the field swept by. Seven horses came down in a head, and of the jockeys who were riding them five were hurt, three seriously.

To win a bet of twopence a pit lad employed at the Ferndale colliery, in the Rhondda valley, picked the lock of his safety lamp with an ordinary hairpin. He himself, with nearly 200 of his mates, perished in the explosion which followed.

The Impatience of Grief.

"It's too bad you have lost your canary, Millie. But why did you go to the expense of telegraphing your mother about it? Couldn't you have written and told her just as well?"

"No. I knew that the sooner mamma heard of it the sooner she'd sympathize with me."—Chicago Tribune.

AT ANCHOR IN THE BAY.

What cares the ship how blow the winds
That lash the sea to foam,
When with furled sails she lies at rest
Safe in the bay at home?
For blow them fair or blow them foul,
All vainly bluster they,
They cannot harm the ship that lies
At anchor in the bay.

Outside the bay the wrathful waves
Swift charge the rugged shore,
And like fierce baffled beasts of prey
In sullen anger roar.
But 'cross their path the harbor bar
Lies to dispute their way
And safely guards the ships that lie
At anchor in the bay.

Ye mariners who on life's sea
With storms and tempests meet,
Keep strong your hearts, all in good time
The harbor lights you'll greet.
And all your fears and all your cares
Will swiftly pass away
When safe at last you find yourselves
At anchor in the bay.

—Arthur J. Burdick in Buffalo News.

ART IN THE SHAVING MUG.

False Economics of Trying to Use One Article Too Many Ways.

Out in one of Cleveland's eastern suburbs lives an ancient dame of Pennsylvania Dutch persuasion. In addition to this she is an acknowledged master of the art of housekeeping, and the evidences of her neatness are worth going miles on a suburban car to inspect.

Some time ago she determined to paint the woodwork in her kitchen. She didn't want a man mussing around, and so she determined to wield the brush herself. She went so far as to purchase a quart can of ready mixed paint of a light blue tint. This she took home and laid aside, to await a favorable opportunity. When the opportunity finally came, she had no brush. But time was precious, the nearest brush store was a long distance away, and necessity is the mother of expedients. She went up stairs and came back with her husband's lather brush.

Then the can was cut open, and she spread on the blue mixture in a great hurry. The brush from the shaving mug didn't hold much at a time, but with frequent dipping it worked fairly well. But when it came to portions of the job where she had to reach high she presently found that almost as much paint ran down her hand and wrist and arm as went on the wall. But finally the job was completed.

In a hurried way she washed out the brush and replaced it and then set about preparing the evening meal. Her liege lord returned from his daily toil presently, but it was too dark to call his attention to the improvement. Besides she meant to go over it again and touch up the thin places.

After supper the husband went up stairs to shave, and the old lady sat down in her favorite rocker in the living room to look over the evening paper.

Presently there was an agonizing cry from the upper regions.

"Amelia! Amelia! Come quick! I haf de blue sickness!"

The startled old lady thastily climbed the stairs, and there stood the old gentleman before the looking glass on the bureau, his eyes popping from his head in terror as he stared at his own countenance.

"Vat it ees, Heinrich?" she tremblingly cried.

"Look, look, Amelia!" he almost shrieked. "Ton't you see dot mortification was setting in? My blood vas all conchesting in my vains! Look at my face once!"

And he turned his agonized countenance toward her. It was completely covered, ears and all, with a light blue tint.

The old lady stared at it, and she stared at the shaving brush, and then she dropped into a chair and threw her apron over her head and shrieked with merriment.

"Vat it ees, Amelia?" cried her astonished partner.

"It ees de paint brush—I mean the latter brush," she cried. "I painted de kitchen mit it." And she went on with her hilarity.

The husband was a good natured man, and, besides, he felt greatly relieved.

"Vell," he said, with an effort to be sarcastic, "I s'pose ven you uset my latter brush to paint kitchens mit it you will uset my razor to open lobster cans mit it."

Then he stared again at his ghastly reflection.

"Vell," he slowly added, "ven I uset blue paint for lattering my face I should uset a putty knife to shave me mit."

And he laughed as he said it.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Her Idea of Fun.

"But you refused me the first time," he said in bewilderment after she had accepted his proposal of marriage.

"Of course I did," she replied. "You proposed by letter."

"What has that to do with it?"

"Why, you don't suppose I was going to miss the fun of seeing you get red and then pale and stammer and show your awkwardness in trying to kneel, do you? Well, I guess not. I know my rights on an occasion of this sort, and I intend to have all the enjoyment to which I am entitled. There's only one time in life when a girl can make a man look really foolish, and she can't afford to overlook it."—Chicago Post.

Lots of Drams.

An old highlander rather fond of his glass was ordered by his doctor during a temporary ailment not to exceed one ounce of spirits in the day. The old man was a little dubious about the amount and asked his boy who was at school how much an ounce was.

"Sixteen drams one ounce," said the boy.

"Sixteen drams!" cried the delighted man. "Gaw! No so bad. Run and tell Tonal MacTavish to come doon the night."—Scottish American.

Something In It.

Masket—I've changed my mind about that business of 13 sitting down together at table.

Joaner—Ah ha! Found it unlucky, eh?

Masket—Yes; I did it yesterday, and I had to settle for the whole party.—Philadelphia Press.

No Need of Chasing.

Jeweler—This ring is $1 more than the plain one on account of the chasing.

Farmer—See here, mister, yew don't haf ter chase me. I'm goin ter pay fer what I git.—Chicago News.

The biggest find of ancient treasure ever made in England was 1,200 gold pieces of King Cymbeline, B. C. 55, in Whaddon Chase, Buckinghamshire.

In Zululand the atmosphere is so clear that objects can be clearly seen by starlight at a distance of seven miles.

PORTSMOUTH'S SECRET AND SOCIAL SOCIETIES.

WHEN AND WHERE THEY MEET.

A Guide for Visitors and Members.

OAK CASTLE, NO. 4, K. G. E.

Meets at Hall, Peirce Block, High St., Second and Fourth Wednesdays of each month.

Officers—Charles F. Cole, P. C.; Charles E. Oliver, N. C.; Willis Mathes, V. C.; Robert M. Herrick, H. P.; Charles W. Ham, V. H.; True W. Priest, K. of E.; Allison L. Phinney, C. of E.; Samuel R. Gardner, M. of R.; George P. Knight, S. H.

PORTSMOUTH LODGE, NO. 97, B. P. O. E.

Meets at Hall, Daniel St., Second and Fourth Tuesdays of each moth, except Second Tuesday of June, July and August, and Fourth Tuesday of September.

Officers—True W. Priest, E. R., H. R Dow, T.; I. R. Davis, S.

PORTSMOUTH COUNCIL, NO. 8, O. U. A.

Meets at Hall, Franklin Block, First and Third Thursday of each Month.

Officers—Edward Voudy, C.; George D. Richardson, V. C.; Fred Joslyn, S. Ex.; Arthur Woodsum, J. Ex.; Frank Pike, R. S.; Frank Langley, T. S.; J W. Marden, T.; Frank Walsh Ind.; Jas Harrold, Elan.; Joseph Welch, I. P. Wm. P. Gardner, O. P.

OSGOOD LODGE, NO. 48, I. O. O. F.

Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall every Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

Officers—George W. French, N. G. A. G. Stimpson, V. G.; Howard Anderson, Sec.; Edwin B. Prime, Treas. Albert C. Plumer, Fin. Sec.

The Degree Flag will be displayed when degrees are to be conferred. Watch for it. All brother Odd Fellows not members of the Lodge are cordially invited to attend the Lodge meetings and are assured a cordial greeting.

SUMMER HOTELS OF MAINE AND NEW HAMPSHIRE

WHERE TO GO FOR AN OUTING

CUTLER'S SEA VIEW,
HAMPTON BEACH,
Where you get the famous
FISH DINNERS.
Most beautifully situated hotel on the coast. Parties catered to.
JOHN CUTLER, Proprietor

The Famous
HOTEL WHITTIER,
Open the Entire Year.
Favorite stopping place for Portsmouth people.
If you are on a pleasure drive you cannot fail to enjoy a meal at Whittier's.
OTIS WHITTIER, Proprietor.

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Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
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I have just received a new lot of samples and I am prepared to make suits from $15.00 up and pants from $4.00 up.
CLEANSING, REPAIRING AND PRESSING A SPECIALTY.
Perfect Satisfaction Guaranteed
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N 33
Velour Calf.....$3 00 and $3.50
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Rubber Heels, D. S., Enamel...$3.50
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BOSTON & MAINE R.R

EASTERN DIVISION

Winter Arrangement, in Effect Oct. 8.

Trains Leave Portsmouth

For Boston, 3 50, 7 20, 8 15, 1 53 a m, 2 21, 5 00, 7 28 p m. Sunday, 3 50, 8 00 a m, 2 31, 5 00 p m.

For Portland, 9 55, 10 45 a m, 2 45, 8 59, 9 20, p m. Sunday, 8 30, 10 45 a m, 8 55 p m.

For Wells Beach, 9 55 a m, 2 45, 5 22 p m. Sunday, 8 30 a m

For Old Orchard and Portland, 9 55 a m, 2 45, 5 22 p m. Sunday, 8 30 a m.

For North Conway, 9 55 a m, 2 45 p m.

For Somersworth, 4 50, 9 45, 9 55, a m, 2 40, 2 45, 5 22, 5 30 p m.

For Rochester, 9 45, 9 55 a m, 2 40, 2 45, 5 22, 5 30 p m.

For Dover, 4 50, 9 45 a m, 12 20, 2 40, 5 22, 8 52 p m. Sunday, 8 30, 10 48 a m, 8 57 p m.

For North Hampton and Hampton, 7 20, 8 15, 10 53 a m, 5.00 p m. Sunday, 8 00 a m, 5 00 p m.

Trains for Portsmouth

Leave Boston, 7 30, 9 00, 10 10, a m, 12 30, 3 30, 4 45, 7 00, 7 45 p m. Sunday, 4 30, 8 20, 9 00 a m, 6 40, 7 00 p m.

Leave Portland, 2 00, 9 00 a m, 12 45, 6 00 p m. Sunday, 2 00 a m, 12 45 p m.

Leave North Conway, 7 25 a m, 4 15 p m.

Leave Rochester, 7 19, 9 47 a m, 3 50, 6 25 p m. Sunday, 7 00 a m.

Leave Somersworth, 6 35, 7 32, 10 00 a m, 4 05, 6 39 p m.

Leave Dover, 6 50, 10 24 a m, 1 40, 4 30, 6 30, 9 25 p m. Sunday, 7 30 a m, 9 25 p m.

Leave Hampton, 9 22, 11 53 a m, 2 13, 4 59, 6 36 p m. Sunday, 6 26, 10 06 a m, 8 09 p m.

Leave North Hampton, 9 26, 11 59 a m, 2 19, 5 05, 6 21 p m. Sunday, 6 30, 10 12 a m, 8 15 p m.

Leave Greenland, 9 35 a m, 12 05, 2 25, 5 11, 6 27 p m. Sunday, 6 35, 10 18 a m, 8 20 p m.

SOUTHERN DIVISION.

PORTSMOUTH BRANCH.

Trains leave the following stations for Manchester, Concord and intermediate stations:

Portsmouth, 8 30 a m, 12 45, 5 25 p m.

Greenland Village, 8 39 a m, 12 54, 5 33 p m.

Rockingham Junction, 9 07 a m, 1 07 5 58 p m.

Epping, 9 22 a m, 1 21, 6 14 p m.

Raymond, 9 32 a m, 1 32, 6 25 p m.

Returning leave

Concord, 7 45, 10 25 a m, 3 30 p m.

Manchester, 8 30, 11 10 a m, 4 20 p m.

Raymond, 9 10, 11 48 a m, 5 02 p m.

Epping, 9 22 a m, 12 00 m, 5 15 p m.

Rockingham Junction, 9 47 a m, 12 17, 5 53 p m.

Greenland Village, 10 01 a m, 12 29, 6 06 p m.

Trains connect at Rockingham Junction for Exeter, Haverhill, Lawrence and Boston. Trains connect at Manchester and Concord for Plymouth, Woodsville, Lancaster; St. Johnsbury, Newport, Vt., Montreal and the west.

☞Information given, through tickets sold and baggage checked to all points at the station.

D. J. FLANDERS, G. P. & T. A.

Y. H. & B. R. R.

Leave Portsmouth, 8 40 10 50 a m, 2 50, 5 50 p m.

Leave York Beach, 6 25, 10 00 a m, 1 30, 4 05 p m

W. T. PERKINS, Supt.

U. S. NAVY FERRY LAUNCH NO. 132.

GOVERNMENT BOAT,
FOR GOVERNMENT BUSINESS.

Leave Portsmouth, *8.10, 8 30, 8.50 9 30, 11:00 a. m., 12.15, 1.55, 2.15, 3 30 4 30, 5 00, 6.00, †10 00 p. m. Sundays 10.07, 11.45 a. m., 12.15, 12.45 p. m. Holidays, 10.00, 11.00 a. m., 12.00 m.

Leave Navy Yard, *8 00, 8 20, 8.40 9 15, 10.00, 11.45 a. m., 1.45, 2.05, 3 00, 4 00, 4.45, 5.15, †7.30 p. m. Sundays, 10.00, 10.15 a. m., 12 00 m., 12.30 p. m. Holidays, 9.40, 10.30, 11 30 a. m.

*May 1st until October 1st

†Wednesdays and Saturdays only.

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18 Bow Street, Portsmouth

IN HUB MARKETS.

Quotations on the Leading Products In Demand.

Boston, Oct, 9.—The supply of butter is known to be full, and the market has declined from ½c to 1c during the week. At the close the tone is said to be more steady, however: Best creamery, small lots and pkgs, 22½@23c; northern fresh, round lots, 22@22½c; western, 21½@22c; eastern, 21½@22c; firsts, 18@19½c; imitations, 16½@18c; jobbing, ½c to 1c more

Cheese continues firm under the influence of strong markets abroad and a good demand for export. The domestic demand is rather quiet, the feeling being that prices are unusually high: Old round lots, 11½@13c; sage, 13c; new, 11@12c; jobbing, ½@1c higher; Liverpool, 52s 6d for white and 53s 6d for colored.

Eggs are well sustained, with the supply short. Fresh eggs are positively firm: At marks, fresh western, 18@19½c; choice Michigan, 19@21c; storage, 16@18c; eastern, 22@23c; nearby and fancy, 24@25c and up; jobbing, 1@1½c higher.

Beans are very firm. Late New York reports say that receipts are so limited that many orders "simply cannot be filled for want of stocks." Prices are very firm, and until receipts are more liberal they may be expected to stay so. Here quotations are firmer.

Apples are in pretty fair demand for good lots, with mixed lots plenty and easy: Gravensteins, $2.25@3 per bbl; Duchess, $1.50@2; pippins and Porters, $1.25@1.50; pound sweets, $1.50@2; Maine Harveys, $1.50@1.75; Kings, $1.50@2.50; snows, $1.50@2.50; mixed lots, $1.25@1.75; above prices are for carload lots; jobbing and fancy lots bring 50c@$1 more.

Pears are in full supply, and the market is at very wide range, largely on the basis of variety and condition. Barrels are quoted all the way from $1.25 to $4.50. The latter price for choice varieties, such as seckels and other best grades. In bxs the range is all the way from 50c to $3.

Grapes have been coming forward very freely for the week, and the market is rther easy.

Cranberries are in very full supply, but the quality is improving, with prices really a little better. They sell at $4.50 @6.50 per bbl; crts, $1.25@2.

The market on potatoes has been easy, with prices reported to be lower than they could be laid down for from the country. At the close the state of the market was a little firmer. Sweet potatoes are steady, with prices really low. The quality is still excellent: Aroostook hebrons, 48@50c; Green mountains, 48@50c; prides, 45c per bu; York state whites, 40@43c.

Onions are rather easy: Native, bbls, $1.50@1.75; bu, 45@50c; Egyptian, bgs, $1; Spanish, crts, $1.25; silver skins, $1.50@2 per bx, as to quality.

On celery the market is somewhat over supplied, with prices demoralized. It is quoted from 40c to 75c per doz, with off lots much less. Spinach is very cheap and quoted at 10c per bu.

Lettuce is in very full supply, with prices very low, from 10c to 25c per bx being quoted. Radishes are easy at 25c per bx. Egg plants sell at 75c per bx.

Squashes are in full supply at still lower prices: Marrow, 60@70c per bbl; turban and Bay State, $1; Hubbard, $1.

Cucumbers are not very plenty, and hold up pretty well to $1@5 per 100. Tomatoes are a little firmer at $1.50 per bx. Green, for pickling, are quoted at 50c per bx. Peppers are sold at 50@75c per bx.

Beets are quoted at 50c per bu by jobbers; carrots, 50c; parsnips, 75c. Turnips job at $1.40 per bbl for yellow; white, 50c per bu.

String beans are fairly plenty at $1.25@1.50 per bskt for green; butter beans, $1.50 @1.75; lima, $1 for common; improved, $1.50; seva beans, $2; shell beans, scarce and high at $1.50 per bx.

Green corn is still on the market, but firm at 60c per bx.

The mutton market has continued easy under a very full supply, while the weather was unseasonably warm. This weakened price considerably, but with colder weather the tone is a little better. Veals are in full supply for the season, with the market rather easy: Spring lambs, 6@8½c: Brightons and fancy, 8@9c; yearlings, 6@7½c; muttons, 6@8c; fancy and Brightons, 7½@8½c; veals, 6@10c; fancy Brightons, 9@10½c.

The poultry market suffered somewhat from warm weather. The tone is better, however, under a drop of over 20 degrees in the temperature. Live poultry has ruled dull and easier, under the influence of Hebrew fasts: Fancy heavy chickens, 16@20c; fresh chickens, 13@15c; fresh fowls, 11@15c; iced fowls, 11@12c; iced chickens, 10@12c; iced turkeys, 10@11c; live fowls, 9@10c; chickens, 9@10c; spring ducks, 12@13c; old ducks, 8@10c.

Hay continues to be reported in a firm position, especially for good. Straw is still scarce, as to the best rye straw. Hay, $15@19; fancy and jobbing, $18@20; rye straw, $15.50@17; oat straw, $9@10.

The pork market is strong, and, speculatively, somewhat excited. There are reports of a serious corner at Chicago. The local market is strong, with prices advanced.

The market on beef is firm, with trade really very good. For forequarters especially the demand is active, with a great call for chucks. Quotations are very firm.

A very firm flour market is reported, although business has continued quiet. It is a curious feature that the cheaper flours, or flours of less reputation, are so near in prices to those of the best known mills. It is noted, in fact, that buyers have made a number of bids on these lower priced flours, within a day or two, bids up to within 5c of the prices asked by the mills, but these bids have been declined. Leading spring wheat millers are also very firm, and are noting a better export demand at full prices.

The cornmeal market is quiet, with the tone rather easy, under the easier position of corn. Oatmeal is fairly sustained. The cereals are steady.

The request for oats is dull, although the market is fairly well sustained, considering the dull state of the demand. Quotations are not much changed, nominally, but doubtless they would favor the buyer.

GERMANS PESSIMISTIC.

Believe Chinese Court Anti-foreign as Ever.

THE OCCUPATION OF MUKDEN.

Official Confirmation Received In St. Petersburg—Allies Making Plans For Wintering Troops In China. Americans Remain Passive.

London, Oct. 9.—Berlin's optimistic views on the Chinese situation have been unfavorably affected by the reports that the Chinese court has resolved to settle permanently at Si-ngan-fu. This the Berliner Tageblatt regards as "indisputable evidence that the Chinese court is as anti-foreign as ever."

"The failure of the court to return to Peking," it says, "makes a farce of the proposed peace negotiations, inasmuch as the Chinese government could annul the whole procedure at any moment by revoking the credentials of Prince Ching and Li Hung Chang."

Without claiming official authority for its attitude, the Tageblatt comments favorably upon a proposal to declare Emperor Kwang Su deposed.

From its Shanghai correspondent the Frankfurter Zeitung has received the following:

"The Chinese Telegraph company, which is immensely rich, wishes to transfer its interests to foreigners, fearing that the property will be seized as indemnity by the powers."

St. Petersburg has received official dispatches confirming the reported occupation of Mukden. Lieutenant General Subbokch entered the city on Oct. 1. He advanced from old Newchwang on Sept. 24 with 11 battalions of infantry, Cossack cavalry and 40 guns, and after fighting two engagements routed the Chinese army. Before withdrawal the Chinese looted and fired the city. The Russians captured numerous modern guns and immense stores of war material.

General Yamaguchi will retain 10,000 Japanese troops, 2,000 at Peking and the others at Taku and along the line of communications. Eight thousand Germans and 1,500 Russians will pass the winter in Peking. The number of British troops to be retained has not yet been decided, but will probably be a brigade. The allies are storing supplies for six months. Count von Waldersee's headquarters will be in buildings in the imperial pleasure grounds, outside the Purple City.

Occupation of Shan-hai-kuan.

Admiral Alexieff, in reporting to St. Petersburg the occupation of Shan-hai-kuan, says:

"In accordance with an agreement of the admirals the forts have been divided among the different nations. The town has not been occupied, but the gates are guarded by artillery. The forts are nearly intact and the whole route from Pongkon to Shan-hai-kuan is now occupied by the Russians. After the occupation of Shan-hai-kuan the Americans refused to participate further in the operations. Part of the Russian force is advancing northward."

A dispatch from Peking dated Thursday says:

"The American troops will not participate in the expedition to Pao-ting-fu. General Chaffee has the assurance of Li Hung Chang that if the allies desire Pao-ting-fu the Chinese will readily surrender that city. Li Hung Chang has given the same assurance to the other generals. The Americans believe that revenge and military display are the only objects of the expedition, and they hold that it will retard the restoration of peace.

"The Russians are understood to have practically abandoned the railroad and to have stopped its reconstruction. General Chaffee favors the return of the railroad to its owners and its reconstruction and operation on a joint international basis."

Tragedy at Columbia, Pa.

Columbia, Pa., Oct. 9.—William Mott of Norfolk shot and killed Mlle. Alberta, a palmist, with whom he was traveling about the country, and dangerously wounded Mrs. Elizabeth Steinbauer, with whom the couple boarded here. Mlle. Alberta, whose real name was Anna Furlong, was 37 years old. Mott is 29. Her home was in Chicago. Mott says she had a husband, a hotel man, and son named Brennan living at Bayonne, N. J. Mott met her a year ago at Dover, Del. They had been traveling from place to place and for the past couple of months have had palmistry offices in Lancaster and Columbia. Jealousy was the cause of the shooting.

Alfred E. Crow Dead.

New York, Oct. 9.—Alfred Eugene Crow, who was injured in an accident on July 23 on Echo bay when his naphtha launch Fasco exploded and his wife and son were killed, died suddenly of apoplexy yesterday in his home in Pelham road, New Rochelle. Mr. Crow recovered quickly after the accident. He came down stairs early yesterday, but complained he did not feel well. He went to his room, and ten minutes later he was dead. He was only 42 years old and was born in New York. His father, Longstaff Crow, left him a fortune. He was a member of the New York Athletic club.

Lunacy In State Increases.

Albany, Oct. 9.—Seven hundred and fourteen more lunatics inhabit the several state hospitals than was the case a year ago. According to the official records just at hand, the population of these institutions at the close of the fiscal year on Sept. 30 was 32,088, while the previous year it was only 31,374. Manhattan hospital, which contains the most inmates of any of the hospitals, has a population of 5,822, a gain of 297 over 1899. Next comes the Long Island hospital with 3,869 inmates against 3,735 a year ago.

Hill to Speak In the West.

Chicago, Oct. 9.—Former Senator David B. Hill of New York will take an active part in the presidential campaign in the west. At the request of the Cook county Democratic committee Senator Hill has consented to make an address at a meeting to be held in Chicago Oct. 13. He will also be the principal speaker at the meeting of Oct. 19. Between those dates Senator Hill will make several addresses at various towns in Indiana.

Missionary Refugees.

New York, Oct. 9.—J. H. Roberts, Mark Williams, William Sprague, Mrs. Sprague and Miss Virginia Murdock, missionaries to China, arrived here on the City of Rome. They escaped from the Boxers with their lives by flight across the desert of Gobi, suffering great hardship.

CHINESE MUSIC.

The Gong and Bell Play the Most Prominent Parts.

Traditions without number are associated with the origin of nearly every musical instrument in use in China at the present day. String and reed instruments such as were used by the aboriginal tribes were the first known. Next came the drums, which were first used to incite warriors on the battlefield to deeds of valor. There are many kinds of drums, distinguished by names indicating their size and use. Stone preceded metal as a musical substance. In the earliest classes musical stones are mentioned. Sixteen in number were hung by a cord, and the performer pounded out the strains with a small mallet. The stones used by the emperor were made of jade.

Though with most people the trumpet has been given first place among metal instruments, in China the bell takes precedence. The sound is made by striking the rim with a stick. The use of the bell as a musical instrument is, however, largely confined to religious services and processions. Not unusually it is concerted with other instruments.

The gong is even more popular than the bell. The Chinese gongs are of three kinds—the temple gong, the Soochow gong, which is shaped "like a boiler," and the watch gong, which is used to strike the watches, or divisions of time. The gong is probably the most conspicuous at a theatrical performance of any of the various instruments. It is supposed also to strike terror into evil spirits.

Flutes, fifes, conch shells, clarinets and the reed organ are the commonest wind instruments. The latter is made by inserting 19 reed tubes into the upper surface of a gourd. The reeds are pierced near the base to prevent the emission of sound until stopped by the fingers of the performer. The mouthpiece resembles the spout of a kettle and is inserted in the side of the gourd. The favorite instruments among the more cultured Chinese are stringed. These include the she, the k'in, which is said to "restrain and check evil passions and correct the human heart;" the p'i-p'a, a four stringed guitar; the yueh k'in, or moon k'in, named from its moon shaped soundboard, which has four strings standing in pairs, tuned as fifths to each other, and the Su-chun, or "standard lute," which has 12 strings, yielding exactly the notes of the 12 Luh, or tubes, invented by Ling-lun.

From the beginning of the recorded history of China until the present day music has at all times had an important place in the political system of the Chinese. Its influence on the people and the forming of their character, either for good or evil, has never been underestimated. Confucius said, "It gives finish to the character first established by the rules of propriety." Since Confucius time has done nothing to lessen the Chinese belief in the inestimable value of music. At the present day there exists an imperial board of music appointed for the purpose of keeping alive the music of the ancients and of exercising a strict censorship over all compositions.—Chicago Post.

What She Wanted.

They had just been married. That was plainly evident to every passenger who watched his tender, protecting air as they stood on the corner waiting for the car to stop. She was a pretty creature, with no end of fluttering blue ribbons decorating her frock, and, though the car was crowded, the passengers made room. But only two seats were vacant, and these were far apart. He placed her in the most desirable one and then, with evident sadness, seated himself at the far end of the opposite side of the car. But she would not have it so. She returned his look of wistfulness and protested in a tone of plaintive sweetness distinctly audible to every passenger, "But I want to sit next to you, dear," the emphasis on the last word being especially marked.

In an instant half a dozen men were on their feet, which gave the happy groom a chance to place her next to himself in a corner seat. Then she nestled close to him, utterly unconscious of anything unusual in her expression of preference, and as his arm rested behind her shoulders she knew that he was being envied by every man on board.—Philadelphia Record.

Joubert's Knowledge of Guns.

An American woman tells of a visit she and some friends paid to the Krupp gun works at Essen, Germany, years ago and of encountering Peter Joubert before he thought of going to South Africa. The woman was the guest of the American embassador and his wife, and at the works they were met by Krupp himself. In making their tour of the arsenal they were joined by a man who followed through each department and in a few moments responded to some casual question about guns from one of the party. Once having spoken, he launched forth into such detailed descriptions of their manufacture that Krupp, who had hitherto been talking, kept still and simply followed as one of the auditors. The man accompanied the party, explaining as he went, until the tour had been made. Then he bowed and retired.

"Who is that man who knows so much about guns?" demanded one of the party.

"Oh, that's a Dutchman named Pete Joubert," replied one of the officials.

Unnecessary.

"Do you think he played a perfectly fair game?" asked Willie Boye after he had lost all his money to one of the leading citizens of Crimson Gulch.

"What do you mean?" asked Three-finger Sam.

"Why, didn't he stack the cards or ring in a cold deck or something like that?"

"Well, if that ain't egotism! You don't suppose he'd go to all that trouble for you, do you?"—Washington Star.

Moon Rule For Planting.

The "moon rule" for planting garden truck is that all things that grow out of the ground—such as peas, corn and the like—must be planted in the increase of the moon, from new to full. All things that mature in the ground—like potatoes—must be planted in the decrease or waste of the moon, from full to new.

Grapes and Indigestion.

The skins of grapes have tartaric acid in them, and it is from this source that most of the world's tartaric acid comes. Many people are distressed after eating heartily of grapes. They would not be if they rejected the seeds and skins.—Boston Transcript.

The French Maid.

Mrs. Goldie Nugget—I cannot see any callers today, Nanette.

Nanette (five minutes later to caller)—Monsieur, I haf ze plaisure to inform you zat madame is blind today.—Exchange.

A SLICK BIT OF WORK

THE SHARP TRICK THAT WAS PULLED OFF BY A REPORTER.

A Case In Which an Alert and Resourceful Newspaper Man Managed to Outwit a Gathering of Shrewd Politicians.

"One of the sharpest bits of newspaper work in my recollection," said one of the New York correspondents when the subject of getting news under difficulties came up, "was pulled off by a New York political reporter during the snap convention excitement in New York in 1892. You'll remember that the Hill people announced their intention of pulling off a delegate choosing convention in New York state while the cold weather was still on, and the Cleveland people set up a howl that could be heard all over the country. The Cleveland folks soon became known as antisnappers, and they united in denouncing the snap winter convention of the Hill people.

"One day in January the political reporters attached to the New York newspapers got the tip by the underground method that William C. Whitney had called a meeting of the antisnappers from all over the state, to be held in one of the main parlors of the Murray Hill hotel that night. The political reporters hustled around to get preliminary details as to the purposes of the meeting, but they were turned down everywhere by all hands connected with the antisnapper movement. Not a word could they get about what was going to be done. Moreover, they were told that nary a newspaper man was to be admitted to the meeting or be told anything about what had occurred after it was over. It was an important bit of news, and the men who 'covered' politicals were in a quandary. They held a meeting to consider the situation at the Fifth Avenue hotel. As they were talking, with their heads together, an up state Democratic politician, one of the antisnappers, passed through the rotunda of the hotel. He happened to be the living image of one of the newspaper men. The newspaper men gazed after the receding figure of the politician and commented on the resemblance. The man who looked like the politician spoke up.

"'He's down here to attend that Murray Hill meeting tonight,' said he thoughtfully. 'If we could only sandbag him or give him knockout drops, I could act as his substitute at the meeting.'

"He thought it out for awhile and then turned to the crowd confidently.

"'I've got it,' said he. 'I'll attend the meeting in his place. He won't be there. You fellows be on hand after the meeting, and I'll give you the stuff.'

"It was then about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The political reporter, who was a real 'ringer' for the up state Democratic politician, went after the latter. He knew him.

"'By the way,' said the newspaper man, 'there's an old friend of ours up in White Plains taking the gold cure,' and he mentioned the name of a well known Albany man whom they both knew. 'I took him up there yesterday, and he was in a pretty bad way. He's always spoken pretty highly of you. I'm going to take a run up to White Plains to look him over and see how he's getting on. Come on up with me. You can get back by 6 o'clock.'

"'All right,' said the politician, and they got into a hansom and were driven to the Grand Central station. They were so busily engaged in talking that the politician didn't notice which gate they went through to take the train. They got aboard the Boston express, which only besitates a few times on the way to the town of beans, the first stop being made at New Haven. The politician was blissfully ignorant of the destination of the train and figured that he was on a local bound for White Plains. When the brakeman sung out 'All aboard!' the political reporter said to the politician, 'Excuse me a minute; I want to go up forward to see if there's a boy with the afternoon papers on the train.' Just as the train was pulling out he hopped off. Shabby trick? Of course it was, but a political reporter's life is a warfare.

"The Murray Hill meeting was called for 7 o'clock. About 50 of the most prominent Cleveland men in the state and city of New York were on hand, and they were solemnly ushered into the parlor where the meeting took place. They had to pass all kinds of guards and doorkeepers and sergeants-at-arms, but the newspaper man got through them all. His resemblance to the politician he impersonated was simply stunning, and he used some bits of make up to increase the resemblance. He took a seat in the rear, and he didn't miss a trick. The whole outfit pledged not to give a single detail of the meeting to the newspaper men first of all, and then the business went forward. Just when the meeting was about to adjourn the sergeant-at-arms handed a telegram to Mr. Whitney, the chairman.

"The newspaper man correctly figured that it was from the politician who had been sent speeding on his way to Boston. He quietly rose, picked up his hat and walked out by the rear door, nobody suspecting anything. We had no means of ascertaining what a bombshell the missing politician's telegram threw into the crowd, but we did learn later that it was from him and that he told in it of the job that had been put up on him.

"We adjourned in cabs to another hotel, and there the political reporter who had sat throughout the antisnappers' meeting gave us all of the details. He had a remarkable memory, and he had the whole thing down pat in addition to a manifold copy of the resolutions which had been passed, with which each man at the meeting had been furnished. He could have written the thing up himself and scored a clean scoop on the town, but he passed his pickings over to all of us, which was a pretty generous thing in itself, for we'd all have been in trouble with our papers had we been beaten on the thing. Every morning paper in New York had four columns on the first page the next morning about the antisnappers' meeting, resolutions and all. I saw Mr. Whitney a few days later, and I couldn't refrain from grinning a bit.

"'I believe you gentlemen could penetrate a vacuum without admitting the air along with you,' he said."—Washington Star.

Nicotine.

It has often been quoted that a grain of nicotine administered all at once would kill the strongest dog. While this statement is undoubtedly true, it is somewhat misleading. In order to commit suicide by smoking the dog would have to consume 400 strong cigars, one right after the other.

JUGGLERS AND ACROBATS.

Americans Are Now More Clever Than Chinese and Japs.

"The older generation of theater goers will no doubt recall the troupe of Japanese acrobats and jugglers that created such a sensation in this country some years ago," said a retired theatrical manager recently. "It was the one to which 'Little All Right' belonged. The Japs and Chinese used to be considered the best jugglers and equilibrists in the world, but they are far behind the Americans of today. Their big reputation has been overshadowed long ago.

"The company I have just mentioned caught the people by the novelty of their tricks. By the way, the nickname of 'All Right' was given the little fellow because of the signal he would always give his father when they were about to perform some daring acrobatic feat. 'A' ri' the boy would pipe when he was ready to be tossed by his father head over heels in the air. The name tickled the fancy of the populace and became a valuable trademark in the troupe. When the Little All Right company went out of existence, it was sold for a good round sum. It was stolen afterward by some fake company, and a long lawsuit resulted.

"You may remember that Little All Right used to slide down an inclined wire from the first balcony to the footlights, keeping his balance by means of a paper umbrella. It was then regarded as marvelous. There are performers today who do the same thing in evening dress while smoking a cigarette and with nothing to balance them except their bare hands. After the white acrobats had time to practice they beat the Japs at their own game. Same thing with juggling. Our fellows soon caught on and beat the orientals at every turn.

"I remember one of the most fetching things the Chinese did was to keep a lot of paper butterflies in the air by the aid of a fan. The uninitiated never discovered that these butterflies were kept in the air exactly the same distance above the head of the performer by means of an invisible silk thread attached to them. No Chinaman attempted to do the trick without the thread, but in a little while a number of American jugglers did the same butterfly trick without the help of the invisible threads.

"The feat was beautiful and attractive, but after awhile it became so cheapened by constant use that it was dropped from the bills of all first class places of amusement and relegated to the cheap side show tents, along with most of the Chinese and Japanese acrobats and jugglers."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE MAJOR'S STRATEGY.

It Enraged His Traveling Companion, but Fooled the Robbers.

"Speaking of train robberies," said a veteran railroad man, "did any of you fellows ever hear that story about Major Patterson? The yarn is not new," he continued, "and I thought some of you might have heard it before, but it happens to be true and is worth telling again.

"Years ago the major was traveling on the railroad through western Kansas when he fell into conversation with a very agreeable chap from St. Louis. Train robberies were frequent in those days, and when the conversation finally turned to that subject the St. Louis man remarked that he had an excellent scheme for hiding his money in such an emergency. 'I simply put it under the sweatband of my hat,' he said, 'and no robber in the world would ever think of looking there for cash.' With that he pulled off his hat and showed where he had $250 'planted' as he described.

"About an hour later the train was suddenly halted while it was turning a lonely ravine, and in a few moments a masked man entered the car and began to systematically loot the passengers, while two other robbers kept them covered with shotguns from the doors. When the fellow reached him, the major looked up coolly and declared he had less than a dollar in his pocket. 'Now, if you'll leave me that and my watch,' he said, 'I'll tell you something worth knowing. That fellow in the next seat has $250 under the sweatband of his hat.' 'All right,' said the robber; 'keep your watch and chicken feed.' And he proceeded to confiscate the other passenger's cash.

"When the agony was all over and the marauders had departed, the St. Louis man turned around, bursting with rage and indignation. 'That was a dirty, low down trick,' he roared, 'and I'm going to hold you accountable for every cent of my money!' 'I expected you to, my friend,' replied the major quietly, 'and here is the amount. You see,' he added, 'I happen to be a paymaster in the United States army, and I have a matter of $40,000 in this valise by my feet. Under the circumstances I felt justified in temporarily sacrificing your little $250 to divert attention. I shall charge it up to the government as "extra expense in transportation of funds."'"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Blunt Englishman.

During his short stay in England some years ago the king of Portugal frequently took various little trips by train secretly and accompanied by only one of his suit. Traveling down to Hatfield once in a second class compartment, the Portuguese king entered into conversation—the king speaks English fluently—with a typical, plain spoken "John Bull."

"They seem to be making a deal of fuss over the king of Portugal, sir, who is now in London. Have you seen him, might I ask?"

"Yes," replied the Englishman. "He ain't much of a king to look at. Why, sir, his stomach ain't no fatter and his face ain't no more intelligent than yours."

His majesty said afterward that he could understand why the English people were called "plain spoken."

Brazil's Coffee Jag.

A visitor who returned from Brazil says that the whole country is perpetually intoxicated by coffee. It is brought to the bedside the moment one awakes and just before sleep, at meals and between meals, on going out and coming in. Men, women and children drink it with the same liberality, and it is fed to babies in arms. The effect is apparent in trembling hands, twitching eyelids, yellow, dry skin and a chronic excitability worse than that produced by whisky.

A woman is never so mad as she is when she sees a hat that is terribly cheap right after some smooth man has talked her around to buy an encyclopedia. —New York Press.

Siberia and the Amur country possess advantages very similar to those of North America, Australia and parts of Africa.

INVOLUNTARY GOLD CURE.

One of the Perils of Hunting In a Gold Mining Region.

Out in Colorado there are a great many rich ores that present the gold in certain chemical combinations which nothing but cyanide will break down and liberate the elemental gold. Under such conditions the prospector has to be somewhat more of a mineralogist than when his search is confined to placer, quartz and gravel gold. In at the back of Pike's peak there was a camp of half a dozen prospectors, for they had found a good line of country rock and were working out in all directions. I regret to say that very many of these adventurous miners are heavy drinkers, and the men in this camp were no exception. What is worse, they had an abundant supply of the stuff, and every night after their exhausting labors above the line of 10,000 feet of altitude they gave a close imitation of a debauch. All this time they were feeding on bacon and salt pork, and canned goods once in awhile just by way of variety. But one day a member of the party sighted a herd of deer, and the next day he took a day off with his rifle, saying it was about time the camp had some real meat—some of the fresh kind. Well, he brought back a deer that day, and they cooked it and had it ready for dinner when the others got back. That venison went just to the right spot, and the camp unanimously agreed to this man's being authorized to keep them supplied with fresh meat. After dinner they brought out the demijohn and filled up all around. It was no difficult thing for that crowd to pour the stuff down—the trouble came immediately afterward. One gagged, another choked until the tears streamed from his eyes—all were in difficulties.

"Who's been monkeying with this whisky?" said one as soon as he could get his voice.

"First time I ever knew whisky to go back on me," said another.

They decided to give it another trial, but it was no go. When they got it to their lips, they couldn't get it any farther. They not only did not want it, but they had an aversion to it. This went on for several days, getting worse every day, and they were getting so beastly sober that it was like making new acquaintances all around. At last they decided to send one of the party into Colorado Springs to consult a doctor. The way they figured it out was that as they were all afflicted in the same way one patient would be just as good as the bunch, and when the doctor had found out what was the matter with him and given him a prescription, all he would have to do would be to buy six times as much as was ordered, and then there would be enough to go around. Just to be sociable this fellow packed in one of the deer that they had been living on. Well, he came back without much satisfaction, but plenty of medicine of one sort or another—at any rate, the druggist told him it was a good deal better. In a few days who should come chasing to their camp but the doctor. The upshot of the whole matter was that the doctor had found himself affected the same way, but as he was an eastern man it didn't so much matter in his case. He did some chemistry on the venison that was left him and found the meat jammed full of gold chlorides. That made everything plain. Instead of venison they had been eating a regular "jag" cure, and now they couldn't drink. But the medicine man had plenty of "savey"—a heap more than the prospectors. Under his direction they trailed up the runway of the deer and finally found the place where they had their licks—for you know deer must have something salt to lick. The prospectors had been looking for sylvanite and the telurides. They had no idea what gold chlorides looked like, and they had passed this place a dozen times as not worth so much as the tap of a hammer. The deer had been steadily licking the outcrop until they were fairly charged with the gold in its chemical combination, which passed into the men who fed upon the venison. Today, I am glad to say, that is one of the best mining properties in the county.—Forest and Stream.

Premature Burial.

Of all horrible possibilities which in morbid moments occur to me, that of being buried alive through mistake is the most appalling. An article in Suggestive Therapeutics says: "Those who feel apprehensions on this subject for themselves are not the ignorant and poor, but persons of the highest intelligence. The late Lord Bulwer-Lytton and Daniel O'Connell were of this number. Harriet Martineau made provision that before her body should be buried the head should be severed from the body. Judge Charles Daniels of Buffalo placed a clause in his will requiring special endeavors to make sure that he was really dead, adding that he did not have confidence in physicians' certificates.

"The examples of Indian fakirs voluntarily going into trance and remaining buried for weeks, afterward to be resuscitated, show that there is a certain aptitude in the human body, analogous perhaps to hibernation, enabling individuals to suspend active functions of life and afterward to resume them again."

Commended For Her Constancy.

A Chinaman is afraid to look over his shoulder, for he knows he will see a ghost—that he never did see one has no weight with him. If he sneezes, his wife is thinking of him, and he feels that all is right at home, but if his neighbor sneezes and he does not, he believes himself neglected and becomes morbidly jealous. Quite like other women, the Chinese wife has her little plans and schemes and advises her husband to wear a wet handkerchief in his hat to keep his shaven poll from sunstroke. When the towel cools he naturally sneezes, and when he gets home commends his wife for thinking of him during his absence.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Essential to Success.

The young man was after pointers.

"What do you consider the secret of success?" he asked.

"Wealth," replied the great man promptly.

"And what is the secret of acquiring wealth?"

"Success."

Then the young man went off and communed with himself and tried to figure out what he had learned.—Chicago Post.

Resumption of Hostilities.

The professor, who thought his system was running down, asked his old enemy the doctor to prescribe for him.

"All the medicine you need," said the doctor, after listening to a recital of the symptoms, "is a tonic in the shape of fresh air."

"Well," responded the professor, slightly irritated, "what is the shape of fresh air?"—Chicago Tribune.

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THE HERALD.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1900.

CITY BRIEFS

Fair weather is promised for tonight.

Mackerel in the river are very plenti ful.

The merchants are becoming disgusted with this weather.

There seems to be a shortage in the crop of freak election bets.

News concerning the Chinese war has quieted down considerably.

No arrests have yet been made in the York highway robbery case.

Dandelions have made their appearance on several of the lawns in the city.

The Portsmouth Veteran firemen he d the procession of visitors at Manchester today.

The Harvard team seems to be the favorite among local football enthusiasts this year.

Charles Ackerman has been nominated for representative by Hampton Falls republicans.

The services at the Advent Christian church tonight will be of great interest to the members of that denomination.

Quite a delegation of local Dartmouth men are making preparations to attend the football game at Hanover, Oct. 20.

The young republicans at Kittery will attempt to organize a campaign marching club, this evening, at Wentworth hall.

Can't be perfect health without pure blood. Burdock Blood Bitters makes pure blood. Tones and invigorates the whole system.

'Tisn't safe to be a day without Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil in the house. Never can tell what moment an accident is going to happen.

WANTED.—History of Rockingham and Strafford counties, N. H. Must be in good condition and cheap. Address, INSURANCE, care *Herald*.

If your stomach is weak it should have help. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives strength to the stomach and cures dyspepsia and indigestion.

The ferry to Newcastle to connect with the Portsmouth, Kittery and York at Kittery Point bridge has been discontinued, probably for the winter.

No such thing as "summer com plaint" where Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is kept handy. Nature's remedy for loseness of the bowels.

Two sailors from the wrecked schooner Onward were sent to their homes in Portland this afternoon. The men lost everything they owned, outside of their clothes.

Everybody's liable to itching piles. Rich and poor, old and young—terrible the torture they suffer. Only one sure cure. Doan's Ointment. Absolutely safe; can't fail.

The Boston and Maine railroad has awarded to the Exeter station the sixth prize, $10, for its floral display. The present year was the first that Exeter entered the competition.

The services of a Pinkerton detective have been enlisted in ferreting out those connected with the theft of the $150 worth of copper wire stolen from the street railway at Hampton last week.

Mr. H. K. Sheldon has opened a shop at 5 1-2 Langdon street and is prepared to do upholstering and packing, also cane-seating chairs. He has been in the business twenty years and can guarantee to do first-class work at low prices.

The life insurance men are complaining that business is far from being up to the usual standard How to account for it they do not know, except that it is the year of presidential election. Even the old-timers in the line say that the insurance business is not nearly as good during a presidential year.

The ladies of the Universalist parish are actively at work for their bazaar which is to be given early in November. Already numerous elegant novelties have been finished and others are in preparation. The affair with attendant attractions will be one of the most conspicuous events of its nature yet presented in Portsmouth.

You May Need

Pain-Killer

For Cuts Burns Bruises

Cramps Diarrhœa All Bowel Complaints

It is a sure, safe and quick remedy,

There's ONLY ONE

Pain-Killer

Perry Davis'.

Two sizes, 25c. and 50c.

PHILIPPINE LETTER.

Julian F. Trask Writes Interestingly of His Observations

He Mentions a Portsmouth Marine Officer Doing Good Work.

A Call on Brig. Gen. Hare Results in Some Good Reading.

NAVAL STATION,
CAVITE, P. I.
Aug. 25, 1900.

O. Ed. Tilton is en route home on the U. S. S. Buffalo and may be home by the time this letter reaches your eye as he should be due at New York the first week in October. A few weeks ago I wrote you or the Laconia Democrat my impressions of Brigadier General Hare, who has his headquarters a few doors from me, and who, while it looks as if he were enjoying a hard earned rest, has his hands full in the suppression of the Ladrone elements right here in Cavite province. In fact, this province is the most troublesome of any in the state at the present time, and in the language of the brave captain of the 7th regulars and brigadier general in the volunteers, "This Ladrone business is nothing new. It has been here always, bred in the families, father to son, ready to murder and rob anybody at any place where the circumstances permit." The writer has seen Gen Hare nearly every day for several months, and an opportunity presenting itself, and armed with a letter of introduction and an acquaintance with Maj W. S. Edgerly, an old regimental comrade of his in the seventh cavalry in the Indian campaigns on our western frontier, I ventured to call today and at least pay my respects. It has been a rainy day, one of the many continuous ones that we have had here for the last two weeks, and being at home (indisposed to work) I made my way up to his office and sent in my card. The orderly gave me a seat, and was soon followed by the general, who had just come from his dinner. He gave me a cordial greeting, and soon after was engaged in a conversation that lasted about an hour. It was my place to ask questions and for him to answer, and now I wished that friends at home could have sat and heard the solid meats of truth as he gave them to me. Modest in his stories of his campaigns on the island, the listener would almost forget that the words came from the mouth of one of the chief actors, with hardly a word of himself personally. It was he and his detail of eighty men or so from four companies of the 33rd regiment, who rescued Lieut. Gilmore, for which service he wears a solitary star on his shoulder. "This campaigning on the island is almost similar to our own Indian warfare in the states," he began, and taking the topics as I presented them, he gave his views in a clear and interesting way.

I was only making a neighborly call, and took no notes, but it is my wish that I had, as they would make good reading at home.

In speaking of his stay in Vigan, he told me the first job he had done was to clean the town. Small pox was always a constant visitor. It was there then, and he made the presidente of the town erect a pest house, and then send all cases that he could find out to it. The streets were cleaned and the white wash brush used everywhere. Bells were rung, and when the citizens gathered, the police gave them verbal orders to clean up. The presidente told him he had never known the town to be so clean before, the epidemics in a measure ceased, taxes imposed were so light that the natives made favorable comment. The presidente joined with Gen. Hare in making improvements every where, and seemed deeply interested in the work. "All at once a change came over that official, and I sent for him," said the general, "and demanded to know what the matter was. I knew or surmised the reason. He told me he had received a demand that he should send the larger part of the taxes to the general commanding the insurgent forces for their support. 'What shall I do?' the presidente inquired. "If I do not I shall get my throat cut from ear to ear, in fact I am expecting it every night now!" The general located the would be tax collector and inside a few days had him a prisoner.

"In a town election soon after," the general said, "the presidente was a candidate for re election, and was defeated." My course then was to watch closely the new official during the rest of my stay there. Sooner or later some native would have had a row over excessive taxes, and he would have informed me of it. Then we should have given him trial, and if found guilty of playing us double, his end would have been certain." In regard to the Ladrones, the general thinks it will be years before they are wiped out, in fact it's doubtful if that perfect freedom will come until the new generation grow up with American principles engrafted. While we were talking his adjutant came in with papers of importance, I should judge, and after the general had read what was written, he told the adjutant: "Write a letter, do not trust it to the wire." Continuing to the writer the general said: "We had a Chinaman help up between Bocoor and Imus last night by the Ladrones. I have five parties out today on other matters. We think a party of them are building stocks somewhere in the forests for their quarters for the rainy season, and we shall burn them to the ground." I only wish I could remember a quarter of the talk he gave me, but I wished him success for the future and came away well pleased with my hour's stay.

There is a Portsmouth boy here that I do not think I have mentioned in previous letters. It's Sergeant Harry Harvey of the marines. He is a clean cut fellow and is a fine soldier, one of the kind it does one good to meet; no grumbling at his lot, but content to do his duty as he sees it. He's back from Subig Bay several months ago, where he did good work. He was in charge of a little Spanish gunboat, "Don Francisco," which was stolen by the Insurgents and hid up the river. At the head of one of the river's branches were the Insurgents' barracks which he burned for his own safety. One day at Olongapo, they sent a corporal and nine men to get water. The party was ambushed and the corporal and one of his men were killed. Harvey summoned six of his men and put out to where he heard the firing, reaching there just as the dead men's arms and ammunition were being taken by the enemy. He at once made a rush on them and struck the party from the rear with rapid fire, so that they beat a retreat although considerably stronger in numbers. They stood guard over their dead comrades until help came. He likes his work but has told me that he would rather be back in "my old New Hampshire home than hunting trouble in the Philippines."

Right out here in the guard house they have a twelve-year old Filipino boy who is detained as a witness. He has just gone by my window with one of the 4th Infantry men. He was the only witness to a murder and robbery over beyond Bocoor, and he is quartered above the military prisoners. He is not allowed to talk with the natives at all, but goes out to walk with the guard for exercise. He seems contented—perhaps he never lived so well. The trial comes on in a few weeks, and it's an unwritten law among the Ladrones that the witness against them dies and despite the fact that the officials will throw all its protection around him. We cannot help thinking that sooner or later, somehow and somewhere, the little fellow will meet a tragic death.

The transport California is overdue and considerable anxiety has begun to be manifested. Three of us, employees of the naval station, have especial interest in her arrival as we hope she bears our orders for transportation home. Had hoped to have been home by election, but it's growing more and more doubtful every day if I shall be able to

JULIAN F. TRASK.

POPULAR CONDUCTOR DEAD.

Judson Neal, Formerly on the P. K. & Y., Injured Fatally at Sanford.

The sad news has been received in Kittery of the death of Judson Neal of Sanford, Me., who for two years was a conductor on the Portsmouth, Kittery & York Street railway, and who had among his friends everybody acquainted with him.

Mr. Neal came to Kittery when the road first opened and left to take a better position on the Sanford & Cape Porpoise road. He was a young man of about twenty-six years of age, a perfect gentleman, courteous and most obliging, honest and industrious, and the news of his death will be received in this vicinity with great regret.

He has a brother in York. He was summoned to Sanford Tuesday evening and arrived two hours after Mr. Neal died, it being reported that he had been fatally injured in an accident.

BANKER ROUTS A ROBBER.

J. R. Garrison, cashier of the bank of Thornville, Ohio, had been robbed of health by a serious lung trouble until he tried Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Then he wrote: "It is the best medicine I ever used for a severe cold or a bad case of lung trouble. I always keep a bottle on hand." Don't suffer with Coughs, Colds, or any Throat, Chest or Lung trouble when you can be cured so easily. Only 50c and $1 00. Trial bottles free at the Globe Grocery Co.

The tide was so high this noon that the ferry landing brow at Badger's island was overflowed and the special arrangement for such occasions was brought into use.

MONEY



GAS BILLS REDUCED 25 to 50 Per Cent.

Guaranteed Saving
By attaching to any Gas Meter



THE SLEEMAN AUTOMATIC GAS SAVING GOVERNOR

Governor, as attached to the Riser on Consumer's Side of Gas Meter.

INSURING GREATER BRILLIANCY, STEADIER FLAME, SECURITY AGAINST FIRE. INSURANCE RISKS GREATLY REDUCED. NO BLOWING NOR SMOKING BURNERS. NO BROKEN GLOBES.

Marvelous Sanitary Effects.

No Poisonous Vapors from Unconsumed Gases. No vitiated Atmosphere. No smoked-up Walls, Paintings nor Drapery.

Practical Economy.

You pay their cost to Gas Company every three months, four times a year.

Reliable and Durable,

And so constructed that it can not get out of order or wear out. No Acids or Mercury used to poison the Atmosphere.

Better than Government Bonds, Savings Banks Accounts, or Real Estate Investments,

Is the Guaranteed Saving of from

25 TO 50 PER CENT

monthly on all Gas Bills.

WE COURT THE SEVEREST INVESTIGATION. CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

Prices from

$15.00 TO $400,

according to size of meter and number of lights.

Indorsed by U. S. Government and Leading Corporations throughout the Country.

THE GAS TIP REGULATOR

Designed to take the place of the above for residences and small consumers. Goes in the burner. Can be adjusted by a child. Simple and durable. Absolutely controls the pressure and will save you from 30 to 60 per cent on your monthly bills. Will do all the work claimed for the large machine. Price, 25 cents each. $2.50 per dozen. Sent postpaid on receipt of Postal, Money Order, Currency or Stamps. Liberal terms and exclusive territory to agents.

INTERNATIONAL GAS SAVING MAN'F'G CO.

126 LIBERTY STREET, NEW YORK.

FOR YOU

PERSONALS

Mrs. Sarah S. Baker of Fleet street is pasing several weeks in Boston.

Headwaiter Conrad of the Rockingham is enjoying his annual vacation.

Arthur Woodsum, engineer at the shoe factory, is quite ill at his home on Coffin's court.

Mrs. Charles P. Abbott of Union street is visiting her son, Arthur Abbott of Sterling, Conn.

M. L. Raynes, the popular head clerk at A. P. Wendell and Co's., is enjoying his annual vacation.

Rev. Thomas Whiteside of this city is to be one of the speakers at the preachers' meeting at Milton Mills.

Mrs. J. Albert Sanborn of South street left on Tuesday for New York, to pass the winter with her husband.

Ex-Postmaster C. E. Dennett and wife of Malden, Mass., formerly of this city, are passing a few days in this vicinity.

Alice Walker of Broad street has returned from the White mountains, where she has been passing the summer.

Rev. A. W. Phelps, a former pastor of the Advent Christian church, is here attending the special services at the church.

Fred H. Ward and Harry Boynton have returned from a week's trip through the Berkshire hills and to New York.

Mrs. John Symonds of Skowhegan, Me., has been called to this city by the serious illness of her mother, Mrs. Marion Sides, of Union street.

Miss Abbie Kelleher left on Tuesday morning for Boston, where she will take the steamer for Queenstown, intending to pass several months in Ireland.

Mrs. Samuel Scott is visiting in New York city. Her brother, Master Alexander Baker, who has been her guest during the summer, started on his return to Norfolk on Monday.

Assistant Secretary of the Navy Frank W. Hackett and Mrs. Hackett left their summer home in New Castle on Tuesday morning for Washington, where Mr. Hackett will at once resume his duties with the navy department.

Mrs. Louisa West and daughter, Miss Clara, of State street, left on Tuesday for Boston, where they will pass the winter. Rev. George W. Gile and family have rented Mrs. West's house, and taken up their residence there.

Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Walcott and Mr and Mrs. John Sugden, who have returned from their European trip, as before reported, visited England, France, Germany and Holland. They had excellent weather, not having a drop of rain during the trip.

CARPENTERS ARE SCARCE.

Good carpenters are scarce in the city at the present time and a contractor who has quite a little work on hand was unable to start one job on Tuesday because he could not get men enough to finish it on agreed time. There will be quite a little building during the coming winter, it is stated.

HARBOR FRONT NEWS.

There were twenty one new arrivals in the lower harbor this morning.

Nothing left port today, there being a very heavy sea outside.

The sale of rubbers has increased during the past week.

BOWLES—LOWELL.

The wedding of Miss Mabel Bowles, youngest daughter of Mrs. Mary Bowles, and Irving Lowell, formerly of Cambridge, Mass., but now an employe at the Morley Button factory, took place at the home of the bride's mother, Union street, on Tuesday morning at nine o'clock. It was a quiet home affair, and was attended by only the immediate relatives. The rooms were prettily decorated in honor of the event. Rev. Thomas Whiteside, pastor of the Methodist church, performed the ceremony. The bride appeared in a handsome suit of gray material, with trimmings of chiffon and white taffeta silk. After the ceremony an informal reception occurred, when the newly-wedded couple received the congratulations of all present, after which a wedding breakfast was served.

Mr. and Mrs. Lowell, left on the 10:35 train for Cambridge, where they will pass several weeks, and upon their return will make their home in this city, The bride's travelling dress was of brown material, tailor made, hat to match.

For Over Fifty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. twenty-five cents a bottle.

SPORTING NOTES.

Dartmouth's eleven will meet Yale's strong team next Saturday.

Local adherents of the Dartmouth and Harvard elevens feel rather blue.

Bowdoin made the Harvard gridiron heroes get up and dust Saturday last.

The Maplewood football team is looking for games with out of town teams.

Football, the greatest of all games, grows more popular with each passing year.

Reginald Carpenter of this city is a member of the football squad of the Annapolis Naval academy.

New Hampshire college and Massachusetts Institute of Technology meet on the Durham gridiron next Saturday.

DON'T GET THIN

Get fat; get nice and plump; there is safety in plumpness.

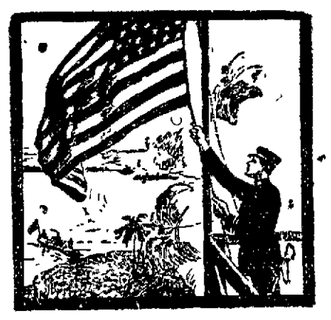
Summer has tried your foodworks; winter is coming to try your breath-mill. Fall is the time to brace yourself.

But weather is tricky; look out! Look out for colds especially.

Scott's emulsion of cod-liver oil is the subtlest of helps. It is food; it is one of the easiest foods in the world; it is more than food; it helps you digest your food, and get more nutriment from it.

Don't get thin, there is safety in plumpness. Man woman and child.

We'll send you a little to try. if you like.
SCOTT & BOWNE, 409 Pearl street, New York.



THE FLAG GOES UP

In many strange and remote places nowadays. It goes up to stay and it means civilization, prosperity and happiness wherever it floats.

We have RAISED THE FLAG OF LOW PRICES it this city. It has gone up to stay. It means satisfaction and economy. It stands for the best Tailor-Made Suits and Overcoats at the Lowest Possible Prices.

Better Goods and Lower Prices that ever before.

JAS. HAUGH

20 High Street.

You Know That

TAYLOR,

THE CONFECTIONER.

Makes His Own High Grade

CANDIES.

He Uses The Finest Grades Of Sugar And Other Ingredients.

Trade At

TAYLOR'S

1 Congress Street, Near High.

Old Furniture Made New.

Why don't you send some of your badly worn upholstered furniture to Robert H. Hall and have it re-upholstered? It will cost but little

Manufacturer of All Kinds o Cushions And Coverings.

R. H HALL

Hanover Street Near Market.

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